

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

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JANUARY, 1951

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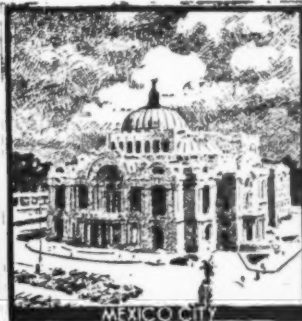
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

The Federal Budget

THE constructive and administrative program formulated by the Federal Government for the year 1951 represents a gross expenditure of three billion, one hundred and one million, seven hundred and thirteen thousand pesos, which exceeds last year's figure by three hundred and fifty-five million pesos and is the highest federal budget in national annals. Reflecting the country's expanding economy, and based upon a conservative estimate of forthcoming revenues, this budget defines another year—the fifth and penultimate year of the present administration—outstanding for signal achievement.

The respective disbursements of this budget reveal the highly significant essence of the official program for the current year. The largest of these, amounting to seven hundred and twenty-two million, one hundred and seventy thousand pesos, has been set aside for the liquidation of public indebtedness. The second largest appropriation, representing five hundred and thirty-seven million, eight hundred and sixty-nine thousand pesos, has been assigned to the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works.

The extension of railway and highway communication has been one of the major objectives of the Alemán administration, and the progress it has achieved during the past four years has brought incalculable benefit to this country. Through the completion of two new railways the hitherto isolated peninsulas of Baja California and Yucatán have been brought into closer economic and social union with the rest of the Republic, while the termination of the great Ciudad Juárez-Mexico, D. F.-Ciudad Cuauhtémoc Highway, which traverses the entire national territory from North to South, has opened new rich sections of the country for industrial and agricultural development and has attracted a current of tourist traffic from the United States. The year's program includes the initiation of two other important railway projects, one connecting the City of Durango with the Port of Mazatlán on the Pacific, and the other linking Mexico City with the Port of Tuxpan on the Mexican Gulf.

Work will be continued at an accelerated pace on the construction of such important highways as the International Northwest; the Nogales-Guadalajara; the Trans-Isthmic, Coahuila-Coahuila, Ver.-Salina Cruz, Oaxaca; the Pachuca-Huejutla, Hgo.; the Tijuana-Mexicali, B. C.; the Jiquilpan, Mich.-Manzanillo, Colima; the Guadalajara-Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco; the Ensenada, Campeche-Chetumal, Q. Roo; the Puerto Ceiba-Entreroque Estación Huimanguillo, Tabasco; the Acapulco-Zihuatanejo, Gro.; the Veracruz-Acahuan, Ver. and the Fortín-Jalapa, Ver.

The completion of these and of various other secondary roads will bring untold material benefits to

Mexico and will elevate the cultural standards among many hitherto isolated and retarded sections of population. They represent a national investment of vast enduring profit.

The Secretariat of Public Education, with an allotment of three hundred and fifty-five million, six hundred and eighty thousand pesos, stands third on the list. This appropriation exceeds the previous year's by more than forty-three million pesos. The program of this Secretariat includes fourteen million pesos for the raising of teachers' salaries, fifteen million for the construction of new school buildings; eleven million as subsidy for the National University; six million for the construction of Technological Institutes, and six million five hundred thousand for the addition of two thousand new teachers in primary, rural and secondary schools.

Three hundred and twenty-six million pesos is the sum appropriated for the Secretariat of Hydraulic Resources. This money will provide for the completion of the Oviachic Dam; the Alemán Dam, which stores the waters of Papaloapan River in the region of Temascal; the Virgenes and Ando dams, and the extension of the Anzalduas canal through the new and fertile cotton lands in the Matamoros, Tams, region.

The appropriation of this Secretariat does not include the financing of the Falcón Dam on the Río Grande, the excavation of canals for the distribution of the Oviachic Dam, and of various other important irrigation projects which are to be financed with the loan recently obtained by the Mexican Government from the Export-Import Bank of the U.S.

The Secretariat of National Defense has been granted two hundred seventy-five million, three hundred and seventy-two thousand pesos. It is highly significant that at a time when armaments absorb such inordinate proportion of government expenditures in other parts of the world, in Mexico more money is being spent on education than on preparation for war.

The Secretariat of Public Health and Assistance will dispose of one hundred thirty-nine million, one hundred and thirty thousand pesos in the course of the year. Of this sum, eight million pesos will be invested in the construction of new hospitals and clinics, twenty-five million for subsidies to hospitals; twenty-one million pesos for medical services, and five million for combating endemic disease.

It may be seen from the foregoing that in its formulated program for 1951 the government of President Alemán is fully living up to its trust—that the money it collects from the people in the form of taxes is being returned to the people in the form of constructive effort for its collective benefit.

Moonlight in Guadalajara

By Henry Albert Phillips

I RECALL how on the very first night I arrived in Guadalajara I engaged a calash, a four-wheeled open carriage peculiar to Guadalajara; similar to those of Paris and Rome and Madrid, just before the First World War. The cocheros once wore a quaint livery. My driver, like all the others, however, sat on his high seat proudly wearing the livery of the New Order—blue overalls. We started out in the moonlight at a peso an hour, clanging a huge bell at every cross street, like an old-fashioned ambulance.

Mexican guides are all fascinating, but the one on this occasion was choice. Charles Sanchez, thirteen, was born in Santa Monica, California. He practically ran the hotel—until the proprietor appeared. Matter-of-fact persons might call him one of the biggest little liars they ever met. I was not seeking facts, however. If his tales were legends, all the better. He said we must visit the Plaza de la Revolucion, where the band was playing and the courting of the common people—peculiar to Guadalajara for centuries—was in full swing. Sure enough, there were the boys parading in groups round one way and the girls round the other, just as they were doing in every plaza in Spain, Mexico, and Spanish America whenever the band played. Then Charles pointed out the unique Guadalajara feature. When one of the boys met a girl he tancied he sidled up to her and placed a flower in her hand. Then both would continue on their way as though nothing had happened. Ah, but the next round would be decisive. If the girl now exchanged a flower, placing one in his hand, then the two would separate from their companions and go off together, on a tiled bench, where we saw them sitting in pairs.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," said young Charles in Americanese, although he was as Mexican as an Oaxacan Indian. There followed what seemed a continuation of this charming and romantic custom,

when we drove on to a quarter of the city where each house on either side of the street was blessed with the sort of bay window that I remember so beautifully Ronda, Spain. Each was like a half birdcage extending out over the sidewalk. Behind the beautifully wrought bars huddled a *senorita*; before them, in some not ungraceful position, was her lover. In some cases, the *inamoratas* had not yet appeared—at least in sight—and the gallants were strumming their guitars and singing softly. At length the legends of Mexico had overtaken me. Again and again I was to have this rare phenomenal experience among the romanticisms and mysticisms of Mexico; confessions of an exquisite national charm without parallel, except in Japan perhaps.

We drove in the moonlight for two hours, from park to park, through one treeshaded avenue after another. Once when we paused we were serenaded by itinerant mariachis, garbed in huge *sombreros* and tight-fitting, silver-spangled *bolero* costumes. There is one long and broad avenue especially, entirely occupied by resplendent mansions, whose lights one by one were being snuffed; repercussions of agrarian confiscation. Each was surrounded by a flower-embowered park, now a fragrant pool of green-tinted color in the moonlight. A few were brilliantly lighted; others showed but faint lights where often the once-grand proprietors were huddling together in the kitchen perhaps over a few scraps of food they had managed to garner; still others stood like gaunt ghosts against the silvery night, dark and boarded up, with here and there a cornice or a pillar crumbling. Probably they could be bought for a song, but there was no place, as yet, for such unwieldy mansions as these in the modern economic scheme.

Guadalajara, I was to learn, is a city that grows on and deeply affects one. Like the stars, it seemed

Continued on page 49



Oil.

By Ernesto Icaza Sánchez



Gouache.

By Carl Pappe.

Satisfaction

By Robert S. Engelking

I WENT out walking one afternoon a long time ago.

I was going along by the side of the Amacuzac River, near Puente de Ixtla, down at the lower end of the Valley of Morelos. A dirt path ran close to the river bank, sometimes going high up and sometimes going low down, coming close to the dimply, twisting water. The sun came down hot, for the afternoon was not late and there were no clouds in sight. I could feel the heat coming through my hair, and lying along my shoulders and across my right arm, as the sun lay down on me. There was no dust along the path, for the first rains had come in, making the dirt tight and flat. Now and then I passed through groves of banana plants, with thick juicy stalks and with long ribboned leaves hanging in changing-green, changing-yellow drapes: as the wind slipped through the groves, the banana leaves rattled sleepily on each other with a rustling papery sound.

I went down the river under mango trees and past little huertas of papaya, with the fat slabs of fruit bunched thick around the stalks under the shade of the wide flat leaves that folded out like umbrellas. After a while the other side of the river seemed better; I took off my pants and waded a fast, shallow place in the river. The water came cold on my legs, real cold, colder with each deeper step that I took. The bottom was rocky, made up of round smooth boulders, slippery with the lazy moss and slime that co-

mes in the low-mark dry season, and I felt each foot forward, pushing it carefully until it jammed up against a corner and would not slip. Out in the deep part, near the middle, the water came up around my belly, so that I had to tuck my shirt up to keep the ends of it from getting wet. The river ran strong; it pushed against my legs and went between them, until I passed the deep part and came up onto the shallowing edges where the water was moving slow and weak.

On the new side I dressed again, with the cloth and leather sticking against the wet skin and not wanting to go on. Afterwards when I started drying off, my body, where the water had reached, felt tingling and tight drying off and losing its wetness, and relaxed from the cold. I went through the dry stalky fields, through the thin brush on the rises: now and then I would come back to the river bank. Once I sat to rest under an amate tree that grew on the river bank. Its roots were curling and thick, easy to sit on. Above me the branches spread out heavy and strong, holding a cluster of wide slick waxy leaves hung so close together that no sunshine leaked through between them. But the sun reflected itself on the river-top, on the glassy, slow-rippling water, and its light came back up into the tree from below, winking and shimmering against the dark undersides of the leaves, a soft, hazy light that dimpled for awhile against the shade. It was very sleepy and restful un-

der the tree so that I found myself with my eyes closing, going to sleep, until I got up and went on down the river.

Now and then I would pass women washing clothes along the river bank, women who wrapped their skirts up around their hips and then squatted down openlegged by the water, their glistening hair only part covered by their blue rebozos, and their strong arms reaching down to the water's edge and their muscled backs gleaming with sweat in the sun and their breasts rolling with the washing. There were little girls helping their mothers with the clothes, thin-legged, large-eyed little girls whose rebozos were as big as they were, so that it would be years before the little girls would grow enough to fit into them properly.

I went past a long broad field of sugar cane, growing thick in a flat curve that the river made. The stalks grew high, twelve feet high, and solid against each other, one stick next to the other and the long green blades of the leaves pushing out up above. Here the soil was black and rich and wet; the cane lay like a sea, easy and rustling with the sigh of the wind slipping through it and the high tops flowing like spilled water. On one side, working into the edge of it, men were cutting at the stalks, bending over close to the ground so that their machetes would cut as low as possible. It was a lazy place, with the murmur of the twisting river and the white cotton-clad figures standing with their feet on the black ground, their bodies moving in slow rhythm against the wall of trembling green cane, with the tall fluffy trees rising up around the bend of the river and the strong yellow brown of the nearby hills behind them, with the milky purple of the higher mountains further on going on up to the two snow-tipped volcanoes sixty miles away, with the blue sky stretched out flat above everything and the hot sun shining down from across the west.

Down past the canefield was a pueblo. The streets were cobblestoned, the houses were silvered with dust, and the people were standing on the corners talking to each other. Somewhere around the middle of the town was a cerveceria and I went into the deep shadow of its inside. The beer was cold, with a chill sweating off the bottles, and I was hot and dusty and dry from the walking. So I stayed for two or three hours sitting at a little table, drinking beer and talking to

a man who was nearby.

We talked of all sorts of things, about the coast country and the fighting that went on down there and the things that happened. The waitress that brought us beer had thick legs and fat breast and a baby face; we talked to her and grabbed at her when she came by and made jokes with her; it was all right with her. But later some argument came up about her; the other man and I were going to fight each other, until we changed our minds and decided that it was no use and that it would be better to have some more beer instead.

It was near sunset when I came out and started back. The sunshine came almost flat now and it had turned soft and its color was a thick red-orange and the shadows were long and lacy. The blank bright sleepiness of the early afternoon had gone out of the air now and there was a quiet mysterious feeling of liveliness to the end of the day, along with the beer. As the sun hung down into the last deepest rim of the mountains, the valley coolness came in with a soft tingle of brisk chill mixed into the lush violet shadows that stretched across the way.

So I went back up the river, past the cane field, crossing the river at a better place, going along the twisted path, past the banana plants that were still rustling in the thick twilight, and past the tall cypress trees whose powdery leaves hung floating, almost to the dark water's edge. It was night now; the big stars had already come out and the little stars were showing up in between, high and peaceful, up into the blue-black wind-clear sky. It was deeper night before I saw the flickery light of the house where I was staying. Suddenly I realized that I was tired and hungry. The old woman of the house brought me my supper, hot meat and tomatoes and beans and tortillas; she said that she had commenced to worry about my getting back, what with no moon out and the supper getting cold. But I told her that the night walking had been all right and that the supper was still hot enough. In a little while I had finished eating and got up and went to bed. When I laid down, my legs and shoulders and feet were tired, so that it felt good to lie quiet and rest, not moving and I could still taste the beer pleasantly, even through the meat and tortillas.

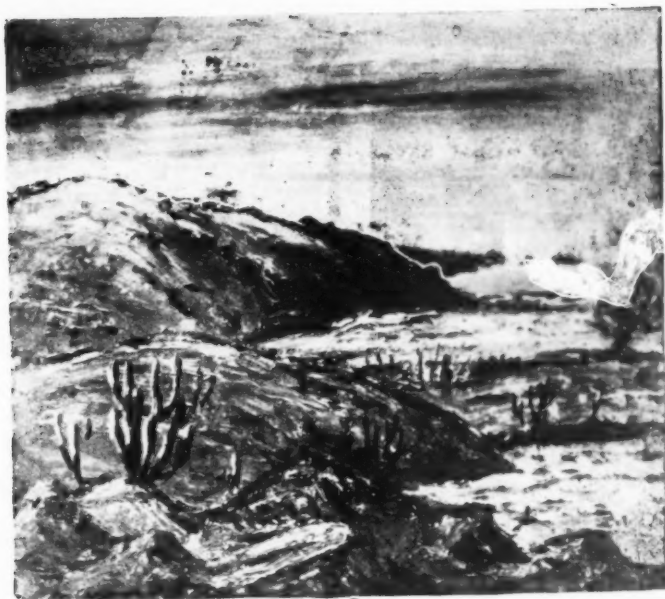
Just before I went to sleep, I thought back on what a good day it had been, that day.

For a Painting

By David Morton

T HIS is for the eye.
Let tired and clumsy thought
Beware of touching this,
And it will lie,
As weightless as a kiss,
On the innocent, loving eye.

Who would be rude enough
To weight with thought
The idly happening here,
Where the eye finds her love,
And knows the heaven, near,
That she was dreaming of.



Oil.

By Ron Chapman.

Workers in the Vineyard

A down-at-heel outboard motor boat was just pulling away from the landing-stage. A white man at the control smiled and waved in a surprised but familiar way. It seemed he and Señor Sánchez were acquainted. He pointed to the piled boxes in the boat with satisfaction. "The books are here!" His voice rang out with a kind of joyous satisfaction.

"Good luck," answered Señor Sánchez.

The man waved again and we all waved back. Books? A boatload of books? I wondered.

"Books?" I said aloud in question.

"The Gospel of Saint John in Tarascan." We all looked interested. Señor Sánchez went on to explain. "He is a good man. His name is Mr. Maxwell Lathrop. He and his wife are missionaries. They live in a primitive village at the other end of the lake. They have learned Tarascan, and Mr. Lathrop wrote a Tarascan primer. Now he has translated the Book of Saint John into Tarascan. I was in Pátzeuaro with some tourists the day he sent the manuscript to Mexico City to be printed. My clients were from his home town in the States, and they were much surprised to find him here. They tried to joke with him about his missionary work. But he was too happy about his translation to mind."

I thought of calling out to stop him. But it was dinner time and we were hungry. I knew he must be one of the "Wycliff translators," as they called them-

selves. I had met their leader, Cameron Townsend, in the capital, and knew of the good work they were doing. These American missionaries were learning the Indian dialects and translating sections of the New Testament and teaching the natives to read it. Four centuries after Bishop Quiroga, missionaries were still coming to Michoacán. "These new ones, who called themselves after the man who first translated the Bible into English, came in the humblest fashion and set up their abode in only the most primitive places and endured incredible hardships to spread the doctrine of love and salvation. General Cárdenas had given their work his blessing after he had made a thorough examination of it, and he had often tried to make their burdens easier when he could."

"How long has Lathrop been living here?" I asked Señor Sánchez.

Señor Sánchez relayed the question to Preciliano. "About six years, I think."

He and his wife and two small children had been living these years among the natives in a remote lake village, ministering to them, curing Indian baby sores with sulphur ointment, teaching men to read both Spanish and Tarascan, and preaching the Gospel to them. They had had a most difficult time at first, for the Indians were suspicious and the Catholic priests from Pátzeuaro not inclined to be friendly. One young fellow had threatened the lives of the missionaries. But he was made a friend when Mr. Lathrop came to

his rescue after he had been gored by an ox, and nursed him back to life.

Señor Sánchez said that one old Indian had been uncommonly receptive to the Lathrops' teaching. He had become like a saint in kindness, and had visions. And one day last Christmas he announced to his family that it was to be his last day in this earthly world. He was so radiant that the people said it was like a light shining directly on him. His family tried to joke when he dressed himself in his fiesta clothes, pink blouse and white trousers, and wide blue sash.

All afternoon he sat in front of his hut and admonished the villagers "to take the road of God" while they lived, so that they would go to Heaven, as he was going before another morning dawned. He shook hands good-bye with each visitor; but he looked so healthy they said, no, he would not die. When they were all gone, he sat down to his customary evening meal of tortillas. When he had finished, he told his wife, "Now I am going to Heaven to be with El Señor Jesucristo, just as it was told me in my dream." He lay down on his mat in the corner in his fiesta clothes and went to sleep. In the morning they found him smiling and dead.

And now Missionary Lathrop was off with a boatload of copies of the Gospel of Saint John in Tarascan to distribute among the primitive folk so that they themselves could read of El Señor in their native tongue. Well, surely there could be no harm in that. And at least the Indians, who are most intuitive in sensing real goodness of heart, might come to believe in the brotherly love of some norteamericanos. For obviously these missionaries endured privations for no other reward than the imponderable blessing of Heaven and the satisfaction of making poor people's lives a little brighter. I began to think of it the other way around. "If the white man can go and live happily among Indians in the backwoods, why could not an Indian come and endure life in the United States—for at least a year?" I said, as if thinking aloud.

And Thérèse, remembering our country place in Alabama, where we had such need of strong arms like those of Preciliano, looked toward the lemon groves and then at the boatman. She began thinking out loud herself. "Do you suppose Preciliano would come to the States to help us on our place—for a year?"

"Do you think he would like it, and could be happy with us?" I said to Señor Sánchez.

We had left the States not only without a gardener, but without a cook—so we thought of Preciliano as being able to help at everything. He might even learn to cook. The Chinese made excellent cooks. Perhaps the Mexicans—And we liked beans, and I raised an abundance of them—we could eat beans cooked the Mexican way.

"Señor Sánchez," Thérèse said, "do you think Preciliano could learn to cook?" She had come to trust his judgment implicitly.

Señor Sánchez cast one steady look at Preciliano, who was intent on making a smooth landing at the pier. Then he turned back to Thérèse, and said with gentle finality, "No, madam." And we knew that Preciliano could never learn to cook.

"Perhaps he knows only boats and fishing," I put in dubiously. "Perhaps he would have no aptitude for digging in the earth, either."

"But," Thérèse persisted, "he could learn to take care of a garden, couldn't he?"

"Yes, madam," said Señor Sánchez promptly, "he could learn to do that." And we knew Preciliano could learn to be a gardener.

"Do you know anything about gardening, Preciliano?" I put the question directly.

He hesitated. "I handle boats—but I have cousins who tend gardens and others who are farmers."

"Do you think you could learn to plant and cultivate?"

He made the *quien-sabe?* gesture of his people. "I am strong. I can dig a ditch well. I like flowers."

I explained the idea that had come simultaneously to us. "If I can get you a passport into the United States, would you consider coming back with the Señora and me? To help us on our place, to work the vegetables and do the chores? You would have a little house to yourself. My wife and I would teach you English. You would promise to stay one year. After that, you would choose to do what you pleased."

To our surprise, Preciliano's face brightened at the prospect of an adventure in Los Estados Unidos. "Yes, I would come, if you could get me there."

For one joyous moment we began to see our labor problem settled: the garden planted, the little orchard tended, and all the odd jobs and chores, which I had so little time for, done. The advantages would be mutual—we hoped—and we would teach Preciliano to speak English.

Though at first thought we were fired with the possibility of having so steadfast a worker as Preciliano gave promise of being, on second thought we were aware of the difficulties and problems of his adjustment to such a different way of life. Whom would he play with? What would his amusement be, besides the moving pictures? Would he gain, or would he lose? Here he was a most perfect embodiment of his environment. He belonged in this landscape and graced it with such a peculiar rightness.

As we stood on the shore, I explained carefully, while other boatmen gathered about as if to offer counsel, that I was not rich, not a businessman or a mine-owner, but merely a college professor, with a nice house and a garden and an orchard and twenty acres of woods. He would not expect high wages, but he would get a trip to Los Estados Unidos and learn English and be able to command a better salary when he returned to Mexico. He would have his own two-roomed cottage with a veranda and climbing roses and a private shower bath just for himself, and he would learn to drive my car.

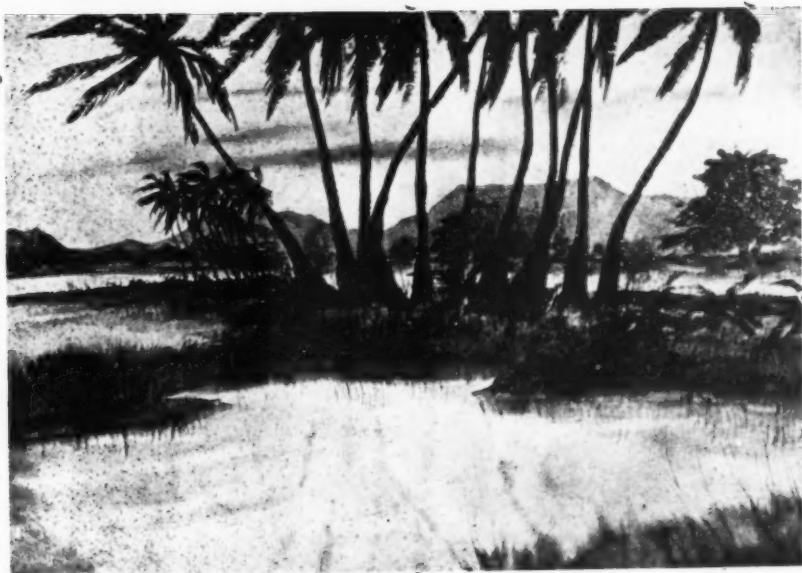
The boatmen began to murmur appreciatively—"Baño privado"... "casa privada"... "flores"... "automóvil."

There was no doubt about it—any of the others looked as if he would jump at the chance. If there had been no international red tape about entering the country, and if we had been driving right back to the States now in our car, I believe Preciliano would have come immediately.

As we settled for the boat trip, Preciliano stood there in a kind of unbelief, his smooth lips clamped in a wondering smile.

What we had said only half-seriously had been taken seemingly at full value. Then the thought of getting him into the country and the responsibility of keeping his Indian temperament content for a year almost seemed to outweigh the luxury of a hired man. "Let fate decide the issue as it will," I said to Thérèse. "If it is right for him and for us, it will come about. And if it isn't, it won't."

Whatever was to come of the idea, the offer and the thought that we had chosen him of all other Mexicans seemed to give Preciliano an unwonted pleasure. And because we had made him like himself better, he liked us.



Water Color.

By Alfred C. Ybarra.

The Treasure of Cocos Island

By Dana Lamb

ON the morning of July 3, 1935, with Coco acting as mascot and figurehead, we worked our cumbersome craft out of the little channel and started across Wafer Bay. Half-way across a squall struck us. We certainly fought to manage that unwieldy scow, but could make no headway against the wind. As her bottom grated on the shore at the north side of the bay, a breaker struck her and piled us up on the beach.

"If this is what you call playing Robinson Crusoe," said Ginger as she grabbed Coco and waded for shore, "how about going back to camp and cooking something to eat? I'm beginning to miss my little cookstove already."

We unloaded the scow, dragged it as high on shore as we could get it, and then walked back to camp, bending our heads before the torrents of rain sweeping in from the open sea. "Every cloud in the Pacific apparently makes a detour to drop its moisture on Cocos," Ginger remarked, streams of water running off the tip of her nose. And it's true. The island seems to attract the storms and the wind as though it were a magnet.

Back in camp we came to the conclusion that it was probably a good thing that we hadn't been able to start on the trip. The next day was the Fourth, and we hadn't celebrated it for two years. We had a fine time, and so did Coco, who went into ecstasies over the home-made firecrackers. The day's program

consisted of a golf tournament, a track meet, and aquatic events. We sat down that night to a dinner table gaily decorated with small American flags, which Ginger had made from notebook paper.

Two days later we set sail in the repaired scow, getting out of Wafer Bay without further difficulty. As we rounded Casarea Island, the current caught us and carried us down through the channel between Colnett Point and Nuez Island. We tried to work the clumsy craft closer inshore to get out of the strong current, but as it swept us past Pitt Head, we had to battle simply to keep from being carried out to sea.

No Robinson Crusoe ever had a wilder voyage than we made in that old scow. It was without benefit of a centreboard, and it made almost as good time sideways as it did ahead. A squall came up that carried us round East Point. From then on we had our hands full keeping off the rocks. We missed piling up on Flathead Island by an eyelash. It was no part of our plan to be blown on some gird rock, with a stretch of shark-infested water between ourselves and the mainland. The rain descended in torrents, blotting out all visibility past a range of fifty feet. We could only guess at our relationship to the coast, for there was no way of knowing. Ginger bailed continually with the mess kettle, but the water poured in faster than she could bail it out. As the boat sank lower in the water, Coco, who had taken shelter un-

der the seat in the bow, began to whine. When the boat pitched, and the water surged forward in the bow, she was forced to swim. She'd paddled round in the water, looking pleadingly at us, but there was nothing we could do to relieve her misery. We dared not put her on one of the seats, because she would most certainly be washed or blown overboard. Right then and there we ceased being heroes to Coco. We had tamed her miserably. But we had our own troubles.

Without any warning the bottom under our feet heaved up with a splintering crash. A wave caught the boat, and spilled us into seas. The scow was aground. We frantically grabbed our equipment. As Ginger picked up Coco and the mess kettle, a wave slapped her on the back and sent her sprawling. Coco, seared out of her wits, swam for shore, yowling mournfully, Ginger stumbling after her.

I ran up to the beach with the gear I had rescued, and then started back to the scow which was fast being ground to pieces by the breakers. "Where are you going?" Ginger shouted.

"To get the rest of the equipment," I yelled back.

"But we have everything," she protested. I turned and walked back to where she stood, and looked at the little pile on the rocks—machete, hammer, and mess kit. Ginger wore the sheath knife on her belt. The only thing missing was the nails, and then I remembered that they were in the mess kit. It was rather a shock to realize that this was all the equipment we had. Then we heard a grinding crash, and turned in time to see the last of the scow as a giant conker flattened it out on a rock.

We picked our way across the boulders to the beach. The rain had subsided enough so that it was at least possible to see our surrounding. "Oh," shouted Ginger, "we're in Ginger's Bay." This was a break, for it was one of the few spots on the island that we were eager to explore. We walked back in among the coco-nut trees, and up along the little stream. Further back in the canyon, a waterfall tumbled down over sheer cliffs. Ginger's Bay was even lovelier than Water Bay. Climbing to a little flat beside the stream, we found that we were not the first to have discovered this gorge. There were ax marks on the trees, but they were very old. To one side lay a rotten coco-nut log split in half. We decided to make our camp here. When we cleaned the camp site, we found an old boarding spike, a rusted sword hilt, and an odd-looking eating fork with only two prongs.

A crude palm shelter and a dinner of coco-nuts served us for the first night. The next day we salvaged what lumber and nails remained from the wreckage of the scow.

But following in old Crusoe's footsteps wasn't too bad. We built a small, comfortable hut, equipped it with rustic furniture, and out of mud and rocks made an altar stove such as the natives use. Light cord braided from coco-nut fibre, and nails hammered into fishhooks, provided us with fishing outfits. A spear fashioned out of nails enabled us to add crawfish to our menu. We made a crude catamaran out of balsa logs, and by paddling out to the small islets offshore secured plenty of birds' eggs. Ginger brought back a small bird from one of these expeditions which she christened "Peep," because, unless it was stuffed so full of fish that it could hardly move, it chirped constantly. We made clothes from coco-nut fibre. Ginger fashioned a nobby creation for herself—a hula skirt. Any one who thinks that Crusoe lived a life of leisure ought to try it sometime. We were busy every minute of the daylight hours.

Eventually we started homeward across the island. It took us two days to travel the four miles to

Water Bay. Not only was travelling through the dense growth difficult, but we had to carry Coco, who couldn't scale peaks.

When we reached camp we found out what a tropical climate can do in one month. Every single piece of equipment was either rusted or mildewed. Most of the food was spoiled. Even the tent which we had so carefully dried and packed away was mildewed. Mould and fungus growths were all over the hut. The heavy squalls sweeping in across the bay had wrecked the garden, and the pigs had rooted up the fence and finished the job. The only vegetables left were the beans which grew high on the fence, and the chilies which had climbed the trees.

It took a week to make the camp habitable. After that we turned our attention to treasure hunting. It was not an occupation that we took very seriously. We had, like everyone else who comes to Cocos, a treasure map. Ours, also, was supposed to be the original Thompson chart. There are several versions of this chart, but it really doesn't make much difference which you use, because they all give directions that you can't follow.

On the north side of Wafer Bay is a place which at one time must have been a high cliff accessible from the beach but which is now covered by a landslide. In this small area the ground is pitted with treasure seekers' excavations. They have also dug many caves into the landslide, but none of them that we investigated were deep enough to have penetrated into the original surface of the cliff. The boulders strewn about the flat near this site have been dug under; some of them have markings carved upon their surfaces. This is the place that Gissler believed to be the location of one of the pirates' caches. According to the story, the pirates rowed ashore eleven boatloads of treasure at high tide. After the tide fell they hauled the gold to the foot of a cliff. They rigged up a derrick by sinking an eyebolt into the crest of the cliff, and hoisting the treasure on to a ledge. Above the ledge the land rises fifty yards or so to a ridge of rock. Beyond the ridge was a flat, two acres in extent. The pirates hoisted the treasure up the slope with running tackle. It was then thrown into a natural crack in the rock, and covered with earth and stones.

Another location is out towards the point on the north side of Wafer Bay. Here the treasure hunters have blasted the soil and scenery sky high.

We were well acquainted with most of the legendary cache sites on the island, but the pirates who buried the gold were apparently better men than the treasure seekers who came after them. The job of digging where they are supposed to have cached their loot is hereculean. One such place is under a rock which is only exposed at very low tide. The directions for finding this rock are simple. One walks along Wafer Bay to a point where the northernmost rock on Morgan Point coincides with the southern face of Cascara Islet. Keeping these objects lined up, you walk directly towards the water until you come to a large flat boulder—under the boulder lie seven tons of buried gold! Finding the rock was easy, but digging under it was something else again. We dug down until we struck heavy boulders. The next day when we investigated the hole, we found that the tide had completely filled it with sand. How the pirates ever dug a hole beneath that rock big enough to hold seven tons of gold, with the tide covering the excavation every six and a half hours, we'd like to know.

There is a story that an old sea captain living in New York does very well for himself making fake charts of Cocos treasure caches. I think he must have

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Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras

By Trent Elwood Sanford

QUERÉTARO is about two hundred miles northwest of Mexico City, by motor, more than half of which distance is covered by retracing tracks on the Pan-American highway. The buses now do that rather than use the old, more direct, but poorer, road. And when in doubt, it is wise to do as the buses do.

Celaya is not far beyond.

Both cities are identified with one of the greatest architects that Mexico has produced, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most versatile—Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras, who was engineer, painter, sculptor, engraver, wood-carver, musician, and poet, as well.

Querétaro has much in the way of early Colonial architecture (much more than Celaya) which ought to be mentioned and which was built before the time of Tresguerras, who was not born until the middle of the eighteenth century. It would seem, therefore, that Querétaro should be discussed first.

But Tresguerras, who plays the leading part in this article, was born in Celaya, so perhaps Celaya should respond to the opening curtain. On the other hand, to make it more confusing, Tresguerras did his earliest great work in Querétaro.

The only way, then, that I can see to be consistent is to commute back and forth. The cities are only 33 miles apart and the drive through the dust among many species of cacti can be made very easily in not much more than two hours.

One does not come upon Querétaro suddenly and dramatically as one comes upon Guanajuato, but instead, from a distance the city stretches out in a green valley, white and gleaming, on a smaller scale much like Madrid, with the added attraction of a multitude of towers and polychrome tile domes.

The most conspicuous architectural and engineering features of the approach to Querétaro is the great aqueduct which supplies the city with water from the neighboring hills, and which, with its high masonry arches, can be seen striding the valley off into the



Drawing.

By José A. Rodríguez.

distance. The highway passes beneath one of these great arches, with plenty of room to spare, and there are more than seventy others like it before the long masonry structure reaches the hills. The city terminus of the aqueduct is the Plazuela de la Cruz, at the east edge and highest point of the city—a hilltop site which has played an important part in the history of Querétaro both at its founding and at the time of the ill-fated Austrian archduke-emperor, Maximilian.

When, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards, with Indian allies, approached the Otomis with peace proposals, the latter, loath to give up the city which had been theirs for a hundred years, yet recognizing the futility of a bow-and-arrow attack on the mail-clad Spanish soldiers, proposed a fist-fight for its possession. The unique battle began on the morning of July 25, 1531, and in the midst of the fray, according to legend, an apparition of Santiago appeared in the sky, bearing a great cross of red and gold. This miracle converted the population en masse to the new faith, a stone cross was erected on the site, and Santiago (Saint James) became the patron saint of the city.

A church has occupied the site ever since. The present structure, the Templo de la Cruz, which gets its name from that miracle, was built in 1682. It is a large and complex structure, much of it additions and alterations. The square clock-tower is an addition rather peculiar to Querétaro, a number of the other churches of the city having a similar square and awkward excrecence competing with an older and more graceful tower.

It was in the adjacent monastery that Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, and it was from there that he fled to the "Hill of the Bells," just beyond the opposite end of the city, where he was forced to surrender and where he later faced a firing squad. (A small modern chapel, ordered and paid for by the Austrian government, now marks the site.)

In the center of the city are two plazas. On one side of the smaller, the Plaza de la Independencia,

stands the former residence of the Marqués de la Villa del Villar del Aguila, the public benefactor who built the great aqueduct. He is immortalized by a statue in the little plaza. His house is an exceptionally fine example of Baroque seigniorial mansion, with great open arches on the street level and lavishly carved stonework around the windows and on the cornice above; while a frieze of glazed tiles adds an interesting band of color to the gray stone. The richly moulded balconies of the second-story windows support wrought-iron railings of unusually intricate and delicate workmanship. That plaza was a favorite spot with Maximilian, who, during the siege of Querétaro, liked to go there to sit on the stone curb of the fountain among the trees and the gardens of flowers, vainly hoping that a well-aimed missile would present him with a glorious military demise. It did not. It hit the near-by statue of the Marqués instead, and demolished it. (The present statue is a modern copy.)

On another side of that plaza is the Palacio Municipal, once the home of the Doña Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez. She it was who, as wife of the mayor and a charter member of the "Society for the Study of the Fine Arts" (whose membership included Hidalgo and Allende), learned, on the night of September 15, 1810, that the "club's" conspiracy for independence had been discovered, and, by sending word to her fellow members, touched off the spark of rebellion which culminated in independence eleven years later. The building is typical of the municipal structures of the eighteenth century, with an arcaded two-story patio reached through a monumental stone doorway which, with wrought-iron balcony above, is one of the most imposing in that city of beautiful doorways.

A little farther along is the Jardín Zenea, the commercial center of the city, where band concerts are frequently held, and where stands selling second-hand books stretch on down to the market place to the south. In all directions from that jardín are interesting churches and a wealth of old Colonial homes with strikingly beautiful doorways and lovely patios. Querétaro cannot be truthfully called a picturesque city, but no city of its size in the country has more to offer of architectural merit.

One of the less meritorious of these examples, as it stands today, but deserving mention first because of its ecclesiastical position and its location facing the Jardín Zenea, is the cathedral, built in 1698 as the Church of San Francisco, and enlarged in 1727. It was made a cathedral in 1862. Like the Temple de la Cruz, it has been so injured by alterations that little is evident of the original structure, except the fine old tower and the dome, both roofed with glazed tiles.

An architectural feature of Querétaro—a feature based, perhaps, on the old Indian conception of elevation of their religious structures, and encountered in Mexico to a degree not found in Europe—is the way in which many of the churches are placed upon platforms, a feature which enhances their impressiveness materially. Another feature of the work there is the degree to which barbaric elements have been imposed on Baroque and Churrigueresque motives to furnish variations on the more usual themes.

An exceptionally fine example of both features is to be found in the Church and Monastery of San Agustín. Though to all appearances the group of buildings would seem to belong to an earlier period, it was built about the middle of the eighteenth century from designs by the Augustinian friars Luis Martínez Lucio and Carlos Benito de Butron México, and displays a remarkable ruggedness and freedom, almost

a barbaric quality, in the free treatment of the Baroque style. The one story of the tower of the church, especially, exhibits a massive and sturdy interpretation of the Baroque that is a near-masterpiece. Unfortunately it was never carried up farther, due supposedly to inadequate foundations. The highest course of stone abruptly cuts off at the middle the two sculptured figures which stand on the piers between the arches of each side. Carried to a completion with the same spirit which is now manifest in the unfinished portion it could well have been one of the finest towers in Mexico.

Angels with great plumes, which adorn the base of the dome, could be taken for native caciques in the performance of some pagan ritual; while the caryatids between the arches in the richly ornamented patio of the former monastery have huge hands uplifted in some apparently mystical supplication. The monastery is now the local headquarters of the national government and also contains a museum of Maximilian relics.

Only a block away is the odd double Church of Santo Domingo, an irregular structure with a double-naved interior and two domes side by side, representing two different periods of construction. The larger tower, with three stories of arches and capped by a small square lantern and a wrought-iron cross, is exceptionally well proportioned. The projecting balconies with wrought-iron railings of the tower's first story are modern restorations. Of curious interest is the facade of the right half of the church, a barbarically naive interpretation of the Churrigueresque, with urns on brackets, shell forms, and acanthus-skirted figures with scrolls for shoulders and great plumes for a headdress, showing to what lengths the wild extravagances of that style could be taken.

A little farther to the north and west, the Church of San Felipe Neri (1763—1800), like San Agustín built on a raised platform, has an eccentric facade with free-standing Corinthian columns of assorted sizes on the first story supporting columns in pairs above, with most bulbous bases which give them the appearance of a row of early spring onions. These second-story columns rest on pedestals decorated with Baroque volutes and support a great curved pediment above. An elaborately carved cartouche over the front entrance adds to the agglomeration of forms, which, eccentric as it is, is picturesque withal. In the sacristy of the church, a large room lighted by a dome, are notably fine examples of the inlaid woodwork for which the craftsmen of Querétaro had long been celebrated.

The only other two churches of significance in Querétaro—perhaps, with the exception of San Agustín, the most significant—are wrapped up with Tresguerras, so let us for a moment take the dusty trail to Celaya, to learn something of this remarkable man.

As in the case of Querétaro, an expanse of white city punctuated by polychrome tile domes is visible for some distance as Celaya spreads out over a plain; and extending for some miles out of the city to greet the visitor is a straight stretch of old stone pavement that would almost do credit to the Romans.

In general character, Celaya is one of the less interesting of the larger cities of Mexico. It is laid out on a typical gridiron plan and lacks the surprises which characterize many other cities of the country. Except for the Celaya Dulce, which is a very sweet candy sold everywhere in wooden boxes of all sizes and tastes like highly sweetened condensed milk, the city's chief claim to fame is the work of her most famous native son, who is spoken of as the Michelangelo of Mexico. Though he has been dead for more than a hundred years, not only do his monuments

keep his memory alive, but stories of his life and quotations from his glib tongue are still repeated. Streets and houses are named for him. There is even a butcher shop called *La Carnicería de Tresguerras*.

Born in Celaya on May 13, 1745, of pure Spanish blood and of a family of apparent wealth, Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras was favored by fortune for the life that he chose. Not only because family circumstances made it possible for him to carry on his studies and launch himself on a career to his liking, but because the land of his birth happened to be one of the richest regions in the country, highly productive in both agricultural and mineral wealth, he was able to live a life ideal for an artist. Although he spent some time at first feeling his way with allied and other arts, when he decided upon an architectural career there were ample resources and continuous opportunity for the realization of his ideals, of which he never failed to take proper advantage. Far from being spoiled by the opportunities afforded him, his powerful personality, his ready wit, his uncommon versatility, and his rigid adherence to a high standard of workmanship placed him head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries and made him probably the most interesting figure in the history of Mexican architecture.

After finishing his preliminary schooling at the age of fifteen, Tresguerras was at first inclined to become a friar, but by the mercy of God, as he said, this premature desire was frustrated by a trip to Mexico City where he soon gave up the idea of a career of letters and devoted his time to drawing, for which, at an early age, he had shown considerable talent. He spent a year in the capital, studying with the famous Miguel Cabrera.

On his return to Celaya the friars tried to persuade him to revert to his earlier intentions and become one of them. But by that time he was seriously considering marriage, and he wrote: "They mistook for virtue in me that which in reality was hypocrisy and worldly inexperience." He felt that he had been saved from a life for which, because of his temperament and his interests, he would have been totally unsuited.

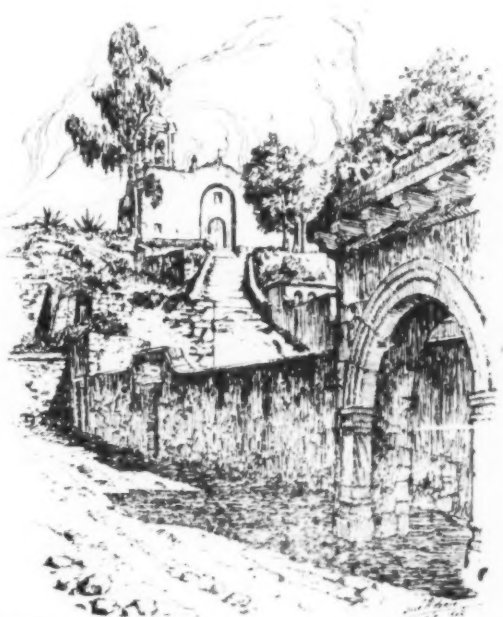
Not long afterwards he married and, continuing to develop his early talent, devoted his time to painting. The first picture which he exhibited, and which he felt was rather good, was coldly received. He then amused himself by decorating a coach with most grotesque carvings, heavily gilded, on a background of bright reds and greens. It was received with great acclaim. Disgusted with having had to give up his projects in art and having to adapt himself to what he calls "the almost universal stupidity," Tresguerras turned to music, then, in turn, to engraving, carpentry, wood carving and surveying—all of which, unknown to him, were to prepare him for his great vocation.

With his inimitable humor he tells how he began to dabble in architecture by observing some of his contemporaries, who, he felt, rather scornfully, decided to become architects by simply wanting to be, "for this, it is only necessary to learn a lot of recipes like those of doctors, drivel round with any of the many architectural authors at hand—in particular the scales of Vignola—talk very mysteriously about angles, areas, tangents, curves, segments, keystones, and the like, but cautiously, and always in the presence of women, shopkeepers, and others who know nothing about it; then, between pondering over certain works and tossing others aside, speaking ill of the subjects, annulling a thousand rules and delivering magisterial judgments—lo and behold, you are a made architect!"

"Such a man was Paz," he says, (referring to a contemporary who collaborated with Tolosa in the design of the Loreto Church in Mexico City, and also in the destruction of Churrigueresque retablos in the chapels of the Cathedral of Mexico), "who filled Querétaro with ridiculous monuments, and such are various other long-waistcoated men that roam around in these parts. So, said I in my sleeve, may I not join the dance? I brought to the account my few studies, my experiences, my talent for good drawing, and other trifles with which I was equipped, and associated therewith some deceit and hallucination, and found myself capacitated to play the part of architect, with the science and patience of Greeks and Romans, Vandals and Swedes."

It is interesting to contrast the opportunities, the environment, and the resulting productions of Tresguerras with those of Charles Bulfinch, his eminent New England contemporary who designed the old State House in Boston. The latter became an architect in consequence of travel in Europe, making the "grand tour" while still in his early twenties and visiting France while Thomas Jefferson was minister to that country. Like Tresguerras, he was financially favored by fortune (until he lost everything in a disastrous civic venture), and beginning as an amateur designer of houses which he did without fee, since he was independently wealthy (and must have been good-natured), he later conceived the quaint, but surprisingly successful, idea of rehabilitating his fortunes by entering the practice of architecture professionally. More than forty churches and public buildings are attributed to him. Unlike the meticulous Bostonian, Tresguerras never had the advantage of European travel; but though he never went to Europe, Europe, in a sense, had come to him; for, also unlike Bulfinch, Tresguerras had two centuries of Renaissance architecture around him. New Spain was pervaded by an atmosphere of European art, and Tresguerras had been brought up with it. What was new in New England

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Drawing.

By José A. Rodríguez.

Patterns of an Old City

AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

By Howard S. Phillips

IT WAS extremely cold when they left the hotel at dawn and rode through the murky deserted streets to the airport. An opalescent glow was faintly spreading over the roof-tops, and amid the shuttered stores, in the chill grayness the city was beginning to show the first desultory stirrings of coming to life.

"I hope it won't be as cold in Acapulco," Miss Bryson said.

"Eh, what did you say?" her mother murmured looking at her through the barrier of crutches which rested at her side.

"I said, I hope it won't be as cold as this in Acapulco."

"Oh, I am sorry I didn't bring my thick woolen gloves. My hands are freezing."

At the airport there was the usual ordeal of helping her mother out of the cab and of finding a place where she could sit down. The station was noisy and crowded with passengers, and with the prospect of almost an hour of waiting Miss Bryson was greatly relieved when two youngish Mexicans gallantly surrendered to them their seats. Surmising as she thanked them that they spoke English, she gladly accepted their offer to help her through the routine of checking their tickets and luggage, whereby presently they drifted into polite and casual talk.

So she and her mother were going to spend two weeks in Acapulco. How nice! Unfortunately they could only spare a weekend. Everything was wonderful in Acapulco. What! They had never been there before! This was their first visit in Mexico! Running away from the cold winter in Chicago! Her mother's crippled leg. Oh, it would surely do her a lot of good! Just sit on the beach and look at the bay. Wonderful! And don't forget to try some *seviche*—the raw fish salad they serve there, and the coconut milk straight out of a shell. Everything was wonderful in Acapulco.

When at last they walked through the gate in a bustle and with their feet sinking in the wet and spongy sawdust waded the quarantine trough, she lost sight of them, and she hoped that they might be seated nearby in the plane. Slowly she paced behind her mother while the latter laboriously ascended the stairs, then led her through the aisle to two unoccupied seats. She was pleased that the view from the window was not entirely cut off by the wing, though she was somewhat disappointed that the two young men were seated a few rows away.

She had been up in a plane but a few times in her life, and as she helped her mother to put aside her crutches and buckle her belt, she felt tense and minutely excited. When the motors began to roar and almost imperceptibly the plane moved forward and sped across the field and took off smoothly, ascending rapidly as it neared the encircling rim of mountains, her tension left her. Her eyes became fixed on the scene below, on the swiftly diminishing checkerboard of flat roofs, on the geometry of streets and backyards and of railway tracks and highways that rapidly dwindled in the midst of varicolored tracts of plowfields surrounding solitary cones of dead volcanos and spreading upward along the foothill slopes, and finally on the undulating fastness of the mountains floating under a bluish mist.

"Are you still cold, mother?" she asked turning for a moment her gaze from the scene.

The old woman's head rested listlessly over the back of her seat and her pudgy hands were crossed in her lap. "Not so much any more," she said without opening her eyes. "I feel warmer now."

* * *

The words, soaring over the mountains to the end of the world, like a line from a forgotten poem, repeatedly passed through her mind. The end of the world. Is that the place I am trying to find? she asked herself. Or is it the place I am yearning to run away from? Where is it? Is it there, beyond these mountains on the edge of the sea? Or is it something you carry inside—something you live with—our little flat on North Clark, my mother who now sits moping at my side, my job in the Loop—the tiny dead margin of the world I live in?

Through the little circle of glass her eyes followed the changeless grey-ochre vista, the interminable heave and fall of an earth congealed in torment, seeking out the tiny hamlets nestling in the green valleys, the serpentine flow of an occasional river, the white threads of roads perilously twisting along the brink of canyons—the mysterious world unwinding behind the advancing wing far below.

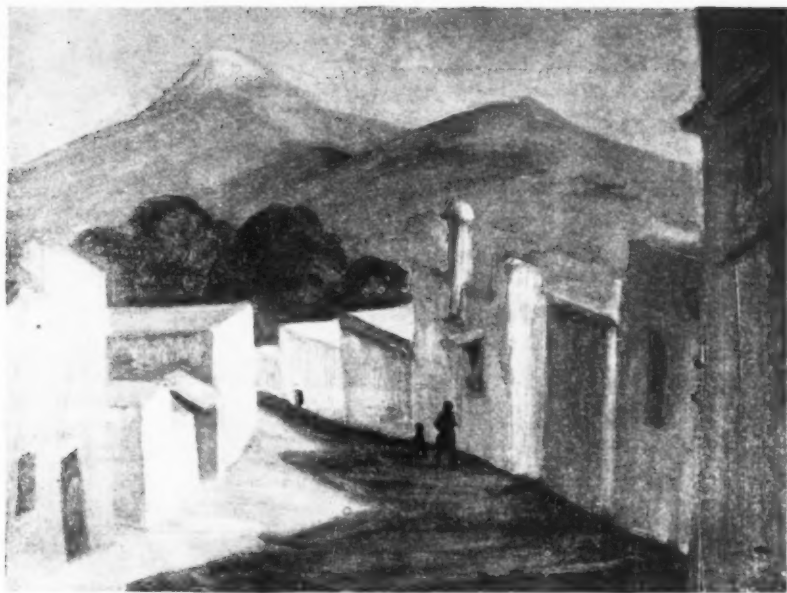
These two young and well-bred Mexicans, she thought. Could it be that they were actually interested in her? Did they find her sufficiently attractive to entertain a wish to cultivate a future acquaintance, or were they merely being polite to an obviously handicapped foreigner? She was much too old for them of course, but she was blonde and blue-eyed, and this in itself was perhaps something of an asset in this dark-complexioned midst. Could any man still find her desirable?

This query had not occurred to her in a long time. Outside of workday associations men, she came to realize, did not belong in her realm. She had grown accustomed to regard herself as someone whose life had been definitively and inalterably formed, accepting all its wants and shortcomings as a perfectly natural state. She was thirty-four, and she knew that she looked considerably older, and that the privileges of companionship and love, the reward of normal womanhood, had been in her case foregone and lost long ago.

She grew weary presently of contemplating the unchanging scene and leaned back in her seat closing her eyes. Everything is wonderful in Acapulco, she thought, and I will probably meet them again when we get off the plane. But then there will be the problem of looking after mother. They will probably find her too bothersome. They are not going to Acapulco for a thing like that. They will meet girls there—young, handsome Mexican girls. They will never give her a second look...

God, what idiotic musings! she thought. I am getting giddy. Pipe-dreaming. This plane-ride, this soaring to the end of the world—it is turning my head. I am floating on a cloud pursuing a rainbow... These nice young men sitting somewhere in this plane are not thinking of me. They are thinking about the fine time they are going to have, about dancing, swim-

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Oil.

By Ron Chapman.

Immobilized

By Neill James

THE aseptic odor of the hospital, the sight of white-coated doctors and starched nurses bearing hypodermic needles, moving silently on rubber-shod feet along corridors, on business bent, was a novel experience. My travels alone, up and down and three times around the world, were without accident; this was my first sojourn in a narrow, high iron hospital bed.

I was the complete patient. Doctors fitted my bones back together; they shoved my left arm nicely back into socket, wired my broken left collarbone together, patched up torn forehead with twenty-six stitches, arranged the three pieces of my right femur in order and encased it in a hip-length cast. The reassembly job was held firmly with bandages to await cement and finish job by nature. A carpenter erected a superstructure above my bed and fitted it with pulleys and ropes. The doctor hung a series of calculated weights on a rope passed over a pulley and attached to a spike driven through my ankle. Swathed in snowy bandages, I resembled a cartoonist's humorous version of an accident victim. But I was alive, and lucky, the only known person to fall a thousand feet on Popocatepetl and live. A grim record to hold.

Members of the Explorers Club came to the hospital to visit me. Traveling Americans who knew me only through reading one of my books, or hearing

a lecture, or were a friend of a friend in the States, brought words of cheer, books and flowers. Only my body was broken and immobilized, not my thoughts. From a mile-away perspective I observed the antlike human race, and gained a new respect for mankind.

On Christmas morning our busy Consul General came to visit me. Among numerous visitors was one widely traveled young woman whose practice it was to visit a hospital wherever Christmas Day found her. She came to cheer up two white-haired lady paralytics down the corridor. She brought them an armful of flowers and choice tidbits of news and gossip. She dropped in my room for consolation, and we discovered we had lived in Tokyo at different periods, and had mutual friends.

New-found friends brought me interesting, thick volumes designed to keep me amused. Lying flat, managing with my one good arm, I dropped Van Loon's voluminous "Lives," and the weighty "Valley of Decision," into my face so frequently my nose remains flat. I could not manage with one arm either the broad-paged women's magazines, "Life," nor the floppy, elusive "Sep." The tiny, light-weight "Reader's Digest" was a joy; it scarcely waked me when it dropped into my face.

When the weather cleared, from the roof of the hospital as from many other parts of the city, a magnificent view of Popocatepetl, the warrior standing

guard over Ixtaccihuatl, was to be had. Visitors remarked upon it. Then the biggest snowstorm in years blanketed the foothills running the city, increasing the majesty of the two distant peaks. For a time the beauty of the white city supplanted the altitude as conversation piece.

The week following, Popo blossomed right upon the wall in my hospital room. Señor José Turu, a manufacturer whose hobby is photography, and Miguel Patiño and Tomás Esparza, the two youths who saved my life on Popo, brought a film made on the excursion and a projector, and gave me a preview of our recorded climb. I invited several nurses and the director to see it with me. Popo was majestic, glamorous and challenging. Señor Turu's colored film showing the interior of the crater was particularly beautiful. The rock walls were pictured in various vivid shades of yellow, red, copper and purple formed into mosaics by crevices filled with the bluegreen ice and snow. When I beheld myself clinging to the rope ladder, swinging in space halfway up the sheer rocky wall, I nearly fainted. The nurses gasped.

* * *

An optimist by nature, I eagerly welcome each new year, impatient to see what marvels, what changes, what unexpected good luck it holds. This new one, hovering on the horizon, held surprises enough. It was like Pandora's Box. When in I peeked, out flew disaster. A hospital is a place for adventure!

In the beginning, being a woman, I worried about my appearance and mentally planned a hair-do to cover my scarred forehead; when the doctor suggested I'd have a stiff leg, mere ridges in the complexion became unimportant. A battered patient has to endure the wheel-chair before attempting crutches. I thought about and talked of a wheel chair for a long time. At last one day two orderlies and a nurse put me in a high, old-fashioned wheel chair, and rolled me on the veranda.

"There you are... both wheel chair and sun!" they said and went away. An hour later I fainted; the chair, overbalanced by the weight of the heavy cast on my leg, tipped. I plunged to the tile floor, landing full on my face and bad shoulder... More anaesthetics, a second operation, and I was immobilized for an additional three weeks, this time flat on my back with a rebroken collarbone. When I at last attained the crutch stage, I could not use crutches. My fractured collarbone should have been on the other side, with the fractured leg. I practiced walking, holding with my good arm to the railing along the 200-foot veranda overlooking the garden. One day, while seated on the veranda waiting for the orderly to give my room a thorough cleaning, a gust of wind upset a screen with heavy wooden frame. It struck my head, knocked me unconscious. However, it matters little whether a patient is conscious or unconscious when there is such a long wait for fractures to heal. The American Hospital carried no insurance for a protection of its patients. I had to charge the cost of extra adventures in the hospital to experience.

Being ill in a foreign language was annoying. Even with this added diversion, time dragged. Falttering days slipped reluctantly into weeks. November melted into December. Then came January, February and March, and I was still in the hospital.

In February I received a genuine jolt. It was an earthquake. For three years I lived intimately with earthquakes in Japan, and was thus not unaware of the danger. I have seen forbidden photographs of bodies burned beyond recognition, piled side by side upon a Tokyo sidewalk; I have listened to the

gory tales of exhausted rescuers fresh from the horrors of the big New Zealand quake which wrecked Napier, a seaport town near Wellington where I was living. I have myself leaped from the window of an undulating building in Tokyo more than once. Experience has engendered a proper respect for a force strong enough to vibrate the earth's surface like jelly in a bowl. From practice, I know that the technique of saving oneself is to run quickly to an open space.

At about three o'clock on the morning of February 20, 1943, I was startled awake by my bed rocking. "Gishin!" I shouted in Japanese. Earthquake! I reached for the light. My bed started aimlessly across the room. Muscles of my legs twitched; it was like trying to run in a dream and not being able to move. I lay perspiring from fright. I could not run. I had never left the high bed unaided. A water glass toppled wildly, then crashed to the tiled floor. No use to press the bell. The American Hospital maintained the quaint custom of keeping a single nurse on night duty to minister to the needs of sixty assorted patients.

In Japan an earthquake was either vertical or horizontal. This peculiar Mexican quake which held the capital in its grip was vertical, horizontal and rotary at the same time. I watched in terror when the two-foot-thick stone walls of the eighty-year-old building began to twist and undulate. The lights went out. I determined not to lie there and be killed in bed. I experimented trying to get the heavy cast out of bed. I mentally cursed the inventor for not thinking up an aluminum a balsa-wood, a tin, bamboo, papier-maché or cork—anything but the heavy-as-rock—plaster cast. I twisted and finally got the thing over the edge, shoved it out of bed; it dragged the rest of my body to the floor. A brief, buttonless hospital smock was not designed to keep an escaping patient warm. Shivering on all fours, in the middle of the long-tiled veranda, which undulated in waves like a giant walking dragon, I had a cat's-eye view of the night. The motion made me seasick. I could not gain the steps. I lay down on the cold vibrating floor to rest. Like a coward, I died a thousand deaths. When the quake was over, the flashlight of the night nurse making the rounds of the blacked-out hospital picked out my night eyes. She thought she'd encountered a bear, and was angry upon discovering it was only a patient.

"What are you doing here?" she scolded.

Nervous and scared, words fell out of my mouth all tangled up.

"No other patient was afraid. Nobody else got up!" She tried to aid me. "You'll catch pneumonia!" she threatened.

A flood of anger swept over me, anger at the earthquake, the bitter cold, the nurse, and at myself. My thoughts became crystal-clear.

"Doctor Chavez can cure pneumonia," I said slowly. "If this old building falls upon me, no one can help! Other patients stayed in bed because they're ignorant! I know what an earthquake can do!" I wasted my breath. Mexicans know their capital is safe because it is built upon the mud bottom of a lake. So had Tokyo a made foundation.

"This building is perfectly safe," she reassured, assuming the demeanor of a nurse quieting the groundless fears of a patient with an idle statement. I writhed in fury in the dark. "This hospital has withstood hundreds of earthquakes! Why it's more than eighty years old," she continued. I covered my ears to blot out her illogical utterances.

"Stay right in your bed," she warned, taking her flashlight and departing.

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Wood Engraving.

By E. Caravia.

A New Nayarit

By David C. Fulton

I'LL NEVER FORGET one hot September morning a little over a year ago, when a group of seventeen excited men and ten no less enthusiastic women arrived in the remote town of Santiago Ixcuintla, State of Nayarit, on Mexico's west coast. Most of us were from the United States—mainly of college age. But there were also a Costa Rican, an Englishman, an Italian, and two Mexicans from the plateau. Tropical Nayarit was as new to them as to us. We were the first contingent of volunteers enlisted by the U.S. Quakers to work in the Mexican Government's new Pilot Project in Basic Education.

The five-year project's aims, as explained by its dynamic director, Mario Aguilera Dorantes, are broad in scope: "to build a new man in a new society—a man who is sound in health and well equipped with the tools of mind and hand necessary to dominate his physical environment; a man possessing the cultural attainments to make life something to enjoy; above all, a man who has learned that through working together the human family can end exploitation of the many by the few and can find a road leading to abundance, freedom, and peace." The plan was modeled on the UNESCO Fundamental Education Program.

As a laboratory for the bold experiment, the government chose some 44,000 acres of land in the Santiago River Valley which 23,000 people call home. It is a rich area, but only potentially, for it has many problems: it needs better medical facilities, diversified crops, decent roads, electricity, better schools.

Director Aguilera called in engineers, educators, craftsmen, an artist, and agricultural technicians. But he felt he also needed the support of people in other countries. The presence of foreigners, he hoped, would broaden the outlook of the local citizens, introducing them to alien cultures; in the same way the foreigners, living in a world very different from their own, would grow in understanding and appreciation of the Valley's special problems. So he turned to the American Friends Service Committee, an old hand at international teamwork; and that's how volunteer workers like us landed in Mexico.

We left the girls in Santiago, for they were to concentrate on recreation work, teaching crafts and games to school children there and in surrounding communities. Then we struck out in a truck for La Trozada, eighteen jolting miles away.

Except for a gleaming new school, the showplace of the town, buildings in La Trozada were pretty rudimentary: windowless low dwellings thatched with palm leaves, with earth floors. Some of the more prosperous-looking houses were of adobe and stucco, but even these had no windows, electricity, or running water. The streets were dirt—or, rather, mud; one of our first jobs was a drainage system to make the main street passable.

We found the old schoolhouse that was to be our quarters alive with scorpions and other slightly less repulsive creatures. There wasn't a stick of furniture. And the roof leaked. We plunged at once into an ambitious remodeling job. We repaired, whitewashed, screened; we installed a sink and shower; we made furniture. At first some of our neighbors thought we were in the furniture business, and asked us to make tables, chairs, or chests for them. We countered by showing them they could make the same things themselves, and probably better.

After finishing the house, we worked about the community wherever we were needed, turning our hand at everything from ditch-digging to vaccinating pigs against hog cholera, which annually takes a tremendous toll. We would wake at about five in the morning to the crowing of roosters and braying of donkeys. Kerosene lamps were already burning in nearby houses, and we could hear the steady slap, slap of the women beating out dough for tortillas. The men had gone into the fields which, along with bananas and sugar cane, are the valley's chief crops.

The Pilot Project planted a field of hybrid corn to furnish seeds to the local farmers. One of our minor tasks was to help these farmers build a causeway from the Santiago River bank to an island, whose rich soil would make it a valuable production center. Another was working with a group of fathers of school children in seedling to tobacco the ten-acre parcel allocated to the school in every Mexican communal village. Every year La Trozada School derives a big slice of its revenue from this parcel.

Working side by side with Aguilera and his capable staff, we gradually modified our sweeping ideas about "making things over." Realizing that change comes slowly, these technicians geared their methods to a long-range program, always insisting that initiative must come from the valley people.

We had a lot to learn about life in rural Mexico. One of our teachers was 22-year-old Luis Valera. He managed the refreshment stand in La Trozada and, although he had never gone beyond the sixth year in school, was keenly intelligent. In his spare time he had written and illustrated a book picturing life in Nayarit, particularly the Santiago River Valley, covering its history, government, and economic activities. Later we discovered that Luis was also a poet, that he drew quite well, that he had studied Greek on his own, and was dying to learn English. So we exchanged lessons—Spanish for English, a happy arrangement for both.

We spent several weeks painting, scrubbing, and generally refurbishing three schools in the valley. There we came to appreciate the sense of dedication of the cheerful, competent rural school teachers, who are willing to endure enormous sacrifices and extremely low pay to make a better world for their people. At their request, we started English classes for them, and the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City sent slides, a projector, and movies as aids in teaching sanitation and better farming. Later came attractive books in Spanish about health, farming techniques, care of children, U.S. history. This formed the nucleus of a small library that the volunteers expanded and presented to the La Trozada School.

The children, too, were friendly. In La Trozada we held several fiestas for them, with homemade ice cream as the biggest attraction. In the evenings, some of the teen-age schoolboys would gather in our house to talk, to listen to records on our little hand-crank phonograph, or to look at the pictures in U.S. magazines, which always fascinated them.

After about three months had passed, a traveling vaudeville show set up its tent in the rude plaza at La Trozada. The performances were spiced with references to well-known local fights like Pedro Abud, the leading merchant, and Pájaro, the barber-postman. Then a character swaggered out on the stage garbed in a gaudy, ill-fitting get-up. Asked where his outfit came from, he replied tartly: "A gift from the norteamericanos, of course." It brought down the house, and we knew we had been accepted by La Trozada.

After that we were in demand for all kinds of services. Our ancient Dodge truck, one of the few in

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Inarticulate

By Elias L. Lerman

THE heart can only beat; it has no way
More apt to warn when it is being crushed;
O you who have the kindly word to say
Wait not until the last, faint pulse is hushed.

Yankee Culture Seeps in...

By Hernando Tellez

ONE OF THE OBVIOUS RESULTS of Europe's isolation during the war years, 1939-1945, was a weakening of its influence on the Latin American countries. Its pre-war strength in the Spanish-speaking nations and in the great Portuguese-speaking Brazil cannot be measured statistically. Cultural diffusion, the power of a set of standards, of a trend, of an attitude, of a way of life, are not statistical material. To describe such phenomena, we must resort to general terms, to elusive sociological concepts.

When the old continent was locked up in Hitler's huge prison, Europe lost all regular contact with South America, which accordingly no longer received direct shipments of European culture. For these six years—which seem like centuries when judged by their historical significance and their economic, political, and social consequences—Latin America heard nothing from Europe but accounts of the conflict's dramatic and cruel episodes. The war therefore led to a closer and stronger understanding between two sections of the New World: the United States and Latin America. I am not referring in this case to political agreement, quite obvious during that period, but to another kind of rapprochement with a tenor and effect now becoming very clear.

There is no doubt that before the war, certain aspects of Latin American life by and large followed European, especially French, patterns. The war made it vitally necessary to learn English. And, as always happens with necessities, this one became a fad. The United States' decisive role in the conflict, Europe's isolation, and stepped-up trade between Latin America and the United States naturally made the English language more popular than ever before. Learning "American English," as a Britisher or doubtless any European would say disdainfully, grew from a necessity to an obsession. The businessman and the artist, the laborer and the white collar worker, the manieurist and the politician, the journalist and the public official—everyone wanted to know English. A strong current of admiration and enthusiasm for the language of the millions of soldiers who were fighting for Old World liberation saturated all levels of Latin American society.

This interest was recognized fairly quickly by United States cultural organizations and of course, by the Government agencies. To help satisfy the urge to learn English, the U.S. Government established study centers that are still operating in almost all the Latin American countries. It set up—and is still organizing—international seminars, free trips through the United States, student exchanges, and sponsored contests in secondary schools and universities, offering scholarships as prizes. Hordes of young and old prepared to receive the linguistic manna.

Was this state of affairs really new and unusual? Decidedly. Before, French had been the main foreign language tool for expanding and enriching culture. A curriculum that diminished the emphasis on French even slightly in favor of English or any other language was sure to draw sharp criticism. Of course, this does not mean that English was entirely neglected. But after the mother tongue, French seemed to be the most fundamental and indispensable language. Latin American graduates of secondary schools could go to work or enter universities with a precocious, scarcely ade-

quate, knowledge of English. France set the standards in law, in medicine, in engineering, in architecture, in all the so-called liberal professions, through a legendary reputation and, concretely, through textbooks.

It is true that there were some changes before the war, but they did not amount to much. A vanguard of technicians and professional men who had learned to read English and whose education, skill, and point of view had been shaped by the United States, began striking patiently at the walls of Latin American tradition and succeeded in opening small breaches through which cultural influences, from that country were seeping in.

But the greatest change came when France, along with the rest of Europe, was cut off by the great iron circle of German arms. France's fall produced an intellectual impact with vast and prolonged reverberations. The penetrating French writer, André Maurois, realized that what was happening with justified regret. "The war," he said, "has caused us to lose ground in Latin America. We must regain it before it is too late."

Maurois was right. The war smashed to pieces many of our beliefs, superstitions, and principles. Besides, it made clearer than ever before the Hispanic peoples' political, economic, and social importance. The United States and Latin America took another look at each other as old acquaintances, long-time neighbors, fast friends.

The possibilities of cultural understanding were revived. As we might expect, attraction to the literature of the United States followed the continuous, lively interest in the English spoken there. And the development of science, art, technical specialization, and the professions in the nation to the North piqued the Latin American curiosity. New possibilities for study, critical comparison, intellectual experience, opened up for thousands of students and hundreds of professors, scholars, journalists, and artists.

Furthermore, the wartime interruption of European commerce, seemingly a temporary phenomenon, was bound to have deep and lasting psychological and intellectual consequences. "The flag follows trade," according to the old saying. Many English political ideas went to South America along with the Manchester fabrics, themselves an eloquent demonstration of the ideas. Those and social organization. The fruits of U.S. industry, commerce, techniques, skill, science art, and craftsmanship, flooding Latin American markets without competition, weakened and in some cases destroyed many longstanding prejudices or beliefs—whatever you wish to call them—regarding the incomparable beauty, quality, and usefulness of European products.

Suddenly, if historical events can be said to happen thus, the peoples of Latin America were convinced that the country that could win the war could also create, and in fact had been creating for some time, a "new look," in clothing, in necessity and luxury items, in airplanes, in toys in industrial machinery, in perfume bottles, in architecture. The war offered South America conclusive proof of Uncle Sam's styles in everything from women's hair-do's to tanks. Yankee gadgets, said many observant critics and sociologists, are not so inferior in beauty, comfort, or perfection as had long been taken for granted, when compared with European products.

Maurois' alarm, then, was fully justified. Because popular appreciation of the products of a given art, technique, or industry gives rise to enthusiasm and admiration, on an intellectual level, for the people capable of producing those products. It has often been said that France's prestige in Latin America, as in the rest of the world, depends as much on the fascination of its cuisine and its remaine styles as on its literature. This analysis, hasty and incomplete as it is, is undoubtedly based on fact. For a long time Latin America accepted with pleasure and admiration the predominance of European and particularly French influence. It will not lose its power overnight and will never disappear altogether. But the United States is given that traditional prestige some real competition in circumstances entirely favorable to its purposes, entirely unfavorable to Europe's.

Certain facets of Latin American life that may be considered expressive of the prevailing standards demonstrate the appeal of North America instead of Europe. The small skyscraper—of twelve, fourteen, sixteen stories—the big North American-type hotel, the apartment building, the vast housing units, and the system of city planning follow, in most cases, U.S. models. It is generally recognized that in this field the United States has responded to a really new concept of beauty, usefulness, sanitation, and comfort.

The stamp of U.S. products and attitudes has obviously invaded interiors: light, simplicity, functionalism—a new idea of home-life that is completely divorced from the European ideal.

Here is another example: in the fashion world, the young people of both sexes are switching en masse to North American styles. Members of the older generation, that is, those who reached maturity in the interval between the two wars, are gallantly and rather nostalgically resisting the penetrating influence. Parents forty or fifty years old are a little shocked to see their boys adopt U.S.-type suits, and their girls put U.S. fashions at least on a par with French.

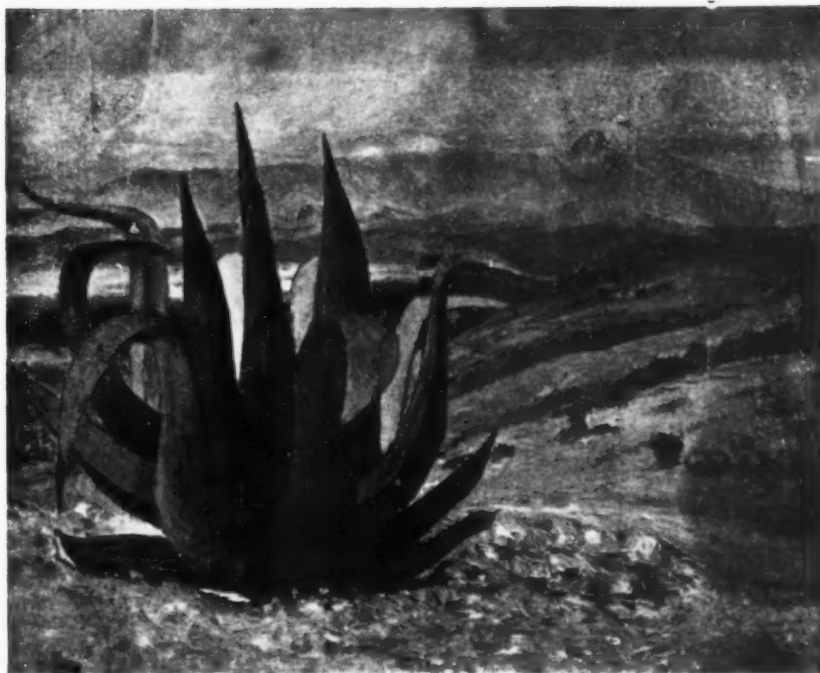
U.S. sports, which have become an obsession and are threatening to replace bullfights in certain countries, are still another example. A further sign of North American influence is the rise of the cocktail party, which is crowding out traditional forms of social contact and recreation in Latin America. Literature is an additional channel of influence and attraction. Today Latin Americans know much more about North American literature than they did ten years ago. All the "greats" of the three living literary generations in the United States, or of the four if we count from Santayana to Truman Capote, are familiar authors to our intellectuals. Moreover, a huge public

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Water Color.

By Ruth Van Sickle Ford.



MAGUEY. OIL.

By Robert Bauer.

Robert Bauer

By Guillermo Rivas

IN THE realm of contemporary art, the designations "professional" and "amateur" have lost their former conventional meaning. Today, many professional painters consciously strive to paint like amateurs, while many amateurs acquire a force of expression and a technical dexterity which rise to professional levels. For this reason the above designations are pertinent only insofar as art may be for some a fulltime job and a source of livelihood, while for others it is an avocation.

It must be observed, however, that the vitality of modern art has been largely due to the trend away from professionalism, that the veritably creative fulltime painter usually seeks an escape from its constrictions, from an established manner and handy formulas, from the habitual procedures and congealed perspectives which tend to self-imitation, striving for continuous self-renovation, for the freshness and verve of discovery. Thus, following art as profession, he preserves the sustained avidity for exploring and experimentation, or the qualities of an authentic amateur.

* * *

Robert Bauer, who was born in Cincinnati, Ohio and moved to Texas in his youth, took up painting several years ago, at the age of 48. He had always

been greatly attracted by painting and had an idea that some day, if he could find the necessary leisure and detachment, he might try his hand at it. It was during a journey to Mexico that he finally realized his wish. He retired from business at an age when most men feel that they are just getting into their full stride, and calmly set out to paint.

He took up this new pursuit not as a retired businessman might take up the pursuit of some new hobby, but as a profoundly absorbing fulltime routine. He actually found in his art a new and complete outlet for an extremely active life, indeed, a new purpose and meaning of life. It is quite possible that this metamorphosis did not affect the artist's underlying character, that the urge for perceiving and defining beauty had been hitherto dormant in him and found its full release at a propitious time. His sojourn in Mexico might have been a mere incident which spurred his decision, though it undoubtedly provided such propitious time. It was here that he finally discovered that operating movie theatres or tourist hotels did not vouchsafe total fulfillment, that if a man's life is to transcend mere existence it must be nourished in body as well as in mind and the eye, the soul and the spirit.

Perhaps his sudden resolve came from the contemplation of the uncontaminated native life, the materially undernourished existence of a simple and pri-



BOY WITH JUG. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.



STILL LIFE. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.



YOUNG MOTHER. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.

mitive folk which in some strange manner seems to be amply compensated by the less tangible elements which are indispensable for contentment, for during the various years he, accompanied by his helpful wife, has lived and worked in Mexico he traveled over its entire length and breadth, seeking out the smaller towns and villages and preferably avoiding the cities.

For a time, thinking that he must undergo some sort of formal training, he attended sketching classes at the Bellas Artes School at San Miguel Allende. And while the training he obtained at this school was undoubtedly helpful, he soon decided that he would have to seek his way alone. Having started rather late in life, he felt that if he can get anywhere it would have to be by trial and error and not by sitting in classrooms. It has not been his purpose, in other words, to master the intricate details of the craft but to formulate by spontaneous process and through self-exploration a personal idiom that might lead to an authentic self-expression.

The examples of his work reproduced in these pages amply attest that he has chosen the right way. Robert Bauer has found in his art a degree of fulfillment that many painters fail to achieve through a lifetime of professional effort.



CHURCH AT ATOTONILCO. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.



RESTING. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.

OLD WOMAN. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.





OLD MAN. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.



INDIAN BOY. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.



THE PATIO. Oil.

By Robert Bauer.

Un Poco de Todo

FIRST CITIZEN OF SOUTH AMERICA

LIKE Washington and Caesar, Simon Bolivar.—The Liberator—scorned a crown. The great patriot, the prodigious figure who in twenty years' warfare freed what are now five South American nations—Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia—from Spanish rule and led the way for all South American independence, declared toward the end of his life: "To accept a crown would stain reputation. I prefer the glorious title of First Citizens of Colombia." By Colombia he meant "Greater Colombia," a federal union composed of the several old provinces of Spain he had sought to unite.

Bolivar was only 47 when he died. He was racked with tuberculosis and at the nadir of his fortunes. The ferocious marches and battles he had conducted over the years in the dripping heat of the jungles and the cruel Andes snows seemed to have come to nothing. He was accused of being a dictator. The union he had forged was falling apart. The most magnetic of Americans, the once wealthy Caraqueñan aristocrat who gave all he had for freedom, died 120 years ago in a sand-riddled hacienda beside the Spanish Main, reading "Don Quixote" and comparing himself, not without perception, to that visionary hero. Today the Americas pay tribute to him, knowing that he had not labored in vain, had not, in his graphic deathbed phrase, "plowed the sea" to achieve South American independence.

When New Yorkers—who have a fine statue of El Libertador in Central Park—think of Bolivar today they have a special reason to remember him. For it was New Yorkers who struck the first blow for the liberty which Bolivar's South America eventually achieved; New Yorkers who first "plowed the sea" for South American independence. A cluster of them, in their teens and twenties in the year 1806, suffered dreadfully and died for Bolivar's ultimate cause.

If one strolls through the quiet streets of the small Venezuelan city of Maracaay, among the pink and eggshell-blue and canary-colored houses, one inevitably comes to the city square. There, a lover of monuments—as all alert tourists should be—will find a small one on which is inscribed a list of names. The names are unusual there, for they are North American—Hall, Ferris, Johnson, Dunahue, Gardiner, and five others.

These were ten youngsters among about 200, mostly from New York, who sailed out of this port in the 187-ton vessel *Leander* and two smaller craft in early 1806, on the first revolutionary filibuster against the power of Spain in this hemisphere. The ten, and fifty more of them, in two little schooners, were easily captured off a place called Ocumare on the Venezuelan coast. The ten were condemned to be hanged, to be quartered, to be beheaded, to have their heads exhibited to public view. All these things were done. The remainder rotted in dungeons at Cartagena, Puerto Cabello and elsewhere, whence, years later, some straggled home to New York to tell their story.

These dreadful events came about through one man, a very great and somewhat equivocal one, the Venezuelan General Don Francisco de Miranda, now referred to among Spanish-American historians as The Precursor, as Bolivar was The Liberator. Miran-

da's career had been spectacular. An officer in the American Revolution, later in the forces of Spain, and still later a general in Revolutionary armies of France (by whom he was court-martialed but acquitted for his share in losing a battle), he was a flamboyant adventurer. In Europe, during his dashing years there, he made friends with a number of important Americans, among them the New Yorkers Rufus King, then American Minister to Britain, and Col. William Stephen Smith, a former aide of Washington and the husband of John Adams' daughter Abigail. When Miranda disembarked in New York in November, 1805, hypnotic under an assumed name and a mysterious plot, he seems to have fascinated these gentlemen. They quickly enlisted the help of Samuel Ogden, a rich merchant of 102 Greenwich Street, and between them they all lavished money and influence on behalf of this strange apparition, trailing his slightly raddled military glory, and residing, at the time, with the Widow Avery at 7 State Street.

The expedition failed but Miranda was to try again. In 1812, with the help of a Venezuelan junta of which Bolivar was a leader, there was an initial success. But Miranda surrendered his forces presently, and Bolivar himself had the tragic task of arresting the old warrior as a traitor to the new republic. Miranda fell into the hands of the Spanish and died in chains four years later in Seville.

Back in New York, the Miranda expedition caused a great stir as news of it leaked out. Colonel Smith lost his Government post, and his political career was ruined. He and Ogden were tried for their share in fitting out the expedition. They were acquitted. But the city mourned, and as the years passed and the stragglers began returning there was recurrent rage. And now a small monument or two in distant Venezuela recall this strange and tragic quest.

GOLDEN HORDE BARRIER

When the Western Mongols, whom the Russians call Kalmucks, migrated from Central Asia into Russian territory three hundred years ago and were called upon to submit to the authority of the Czar they replied: "The Kalmucks have always been free and independent, slaves to no one, nor do they ever become slaves." This is the spirit which animates the band of seven hundred Kalmuck refugees who will soon be leaving a Displaced Persons camp in Western Germany for a new home in Paraguay, thanks to the good offices of the International Refugee Organization. They abandoned the Volga and the Caspian steppe for South American plains between the broad waters of the Paraguay and the Paraná. They are to give up the nomadic life of their ancestors from time immemorial and become farmers, each family with its plot of fifty acres, a cow, a horse, twelve chickens, seeds and farming tools. Strange chapter in the history of the people who, 750 years ago under Genghis Khan, set out to conquer the world—and almost succeeded!

The history of these particular Mongols has been anything but glorious. Victims of the fratricidal strife commonly carried on by the Mongol khans, they marched with their herds through lands of their enemies until they reached the inhospitable steppe bordering the Caspian and settled down on both shores of the Volga. In due time they made their grudging

Continued on page 46

Literary Appraisals

MOTOLINIA'S HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF NEW SPAIN, translated and edited by Elizabeth Andros Foster. Berkeley, California, The Cortés Society, 1950. 294 p. Illus.

THE CORTÉS SOCIETY is to be congratulated for its publication of Motolinía's History of the Indians of New Spain. It has made available for the first time in English (although probably through libraries rather than through individual ownership, since the edition is limited to 500 copies) the complete text of one of the most widely quoted primary sources of post-Conquest Mexico.

Elizabeth Andros Foster, too, is to be congratulated for her translation. She has succeeded in keeping the flavor of the original by following its natural, somewhat discursive style, which will be recognized at once by anyone familiar with the Spanish texts of sixteenth-century chroniclers. It is a pleasure to read her lucid and literate English, unencumbered by the archaic words or artificial phrases that would have tempted a less capable writer.

One hundred years ago "Motolinía, Fray Toribio de Paredes," as he signed himself, was probably better known in the United States than he is today, in spite of the fact that at that time his "Historia de los Indios de la Nueva España" and his very similar *Memoriales* had never been published, in Spanish or in any other language. For by 1850 seven editions of the "Conquest of Mexico" had appeared in as many years, and Prescott not only cited him frequently, but inserted a brief biography of the Franciscan friar to whom his contemporaries and later generations have been indebted for much of their knowledge of early sixteenth-century Mexico.

Prescott was a poor prophet, however, when he said: "Yet Toribio's manuscript, valuable as it is to the historian, has never been printed, and has too little in it of popular interest, probably, ever to be printed." Only fifteen years later the *Historia* was published in Mexico, in the first volume of the "Colección de documentos para la historia de México." Joaquín García Icazbalceta, the compiler, used for his text a copy of the manuscript owned by Prescott, and paid grateful tribute to the generosity of a fellow historian who went to great pains to share the material he had so painstakingly acquired: "This liberality, rare enough among writers, is deserving of greater applause and gratitude coming from a person almost deprived of sight, and occupied all the time with important historical labors."

Motolinía first appears in history as one of a group of Franciscans who arrived in Mexico in 1524. He adopted his sobriquet soon after he landed, and the incident reveals much of the man. The first Nahuatl word to impress itself on him was "motolinía," which he heard the Indians muttering as they stared at the newcomers, conspicuous among the other Spaniards because they went barefooted and were clad in old and worn habits. When Fray Toribio learned that "motolinía" meant "poor," he at once said that henceforth it would be his name, because it was the first word of the new language he had learned—and doubtless too because of its appropriateness for one wedded to poverty.

There was everything to be done in those early years, but even so, the conquest of the Cross was no less amazingly rapid than the conquest of the sword.

Monasteries sprang up all over New Spain, and the mission of converting the Indians was carried out with vigor. Motolinía recounts the conversion of the multitude—it was not unusual for a single priest to count his baptisms in one day by the thousands.

Fray Toribio was given administrative positions from the first. In such a society as was taking shape in the early decades of Spanish rule in Mexico, there was bound to be friction between secular and religious authority, particularly as the credentials given the friars in Spain granted them authority to intervene in civil and criminal cases. There was also friction between Franciscans and Dominicans, which in Motolinía's case was expressed in the personal antagonism that developed between him and Las Casas, although both were champions of the native inhabitants.

Motolinía was from the start a friend of the Indians, whose language he took pains to learn and for this reason, and because of his wide travels throughout the viceroyalty, he was able to amass much information about them and their institutions. This he wrote down over a period of sixteen years as time allowed, "by stealing from my sleep some hours in which I have compiled this account."

The *Historia* is divided into three books, the first describing Indian rites and ceremonies, the second giving an account of the progress of the Christian faith among them, and the third telling of the land and the people. This summary cannot be entirely exact, however, because Motolinía put down any fact or anecdote that caught his fancy at the moment, whether germane at that point or not. Those who know twentieth-century Mexico will be particularly interested in his evaluation of the Indians as craftsmen, for their inherent talents have survived to this day.

Motolinía has been criticized as being unduly credulous. "Some apparently miraculous happenings," Miss Foster says in her introduction, "Fray Toribio does relate as fact; one could scarcely expect anything else, given his period and his training. . . . A certain critical sense and independence of judgment we must undoubtedly grant him. His contemporaries and immediate successors had no doubts whatever of his value as a first-hand source of information, and speak repeatedly of his accuracy and reliability."

In February 1541 he sent the manuscript, with an introductory letter, to Don Antonio Pimentel, Count of Benavente (a title that was characterized later in the century as the foremost in Spain), describing his work as being "about the ancient rites, idolatries, and sacrifices of the Indian of New Spain, and about the marvelous conversion which God has effected in them."

Before the manuscript was sent across the sea, however, Motolinía made parts or all of it available to others, including Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, Fray Gerónimo de Mendieta, and Alonso de Zurita, as is evident from their almost verbatim inclusion (often with credit, express or implied) of large portions of his material in their works. The *Historia* and *Memoriales* were also widely used by chroniclers of the Conquest in Spain.

To those who know Prescott, much of the contents of "The History of the Indians of New Spain" will be familiar. Yet Motolinía via Prescott is Motolinía amalgamated with other contemporary sources

by the alchemy that any successful historian must be able to practice. It is true, as Prescott says, that the book "is written in the rambling, unconnected manner of a commonplace book, into which the author has thrown at random his notices of such matters as most interested him. But," he added, "as his integrity and his means of information were unquestionable, his work becomes of the first authority in relation to the antiquities of the country and its condition at the period of the Conquest."

Everyone interested in the early history of Mexico is indebted to the Cortés Society and to Miss Foster for making available in English this authoritative picture of Mexico and the Mexicans as they were at the time the work was written.

B. N.

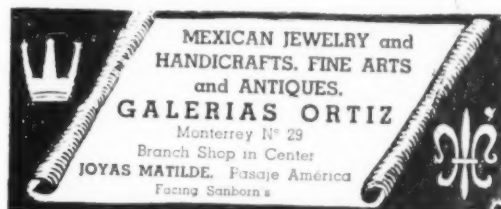
THE AWAKENING VALLEY, by John Collier, Jr., Aníbal Buitrón. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1949. 199 p. illus.

A FINE AND STIMULATING BOOK has been produced by a U.S. artist and an Ecuadorean anthropologist, both well qualified for the special task they set for themselves. Before going to Ecuador in 1946, John Collier, Jr., had ample experience working with the Indians of the south-western United States and began his career as a freelance photographer in New Mexico in 1938. Aníbal Buitrón, a native son of the town of Otavalo, taught school in Ecuador before taking up anthropology at the University of Chicago. For the past three years he has been doing intensive research on rural living conditions for the Ecuadorean Government.

Called by Collier and Buitrón "a collaboration in interpretative ethnology," the book contains outstanding documentary photography and crisp, straightforward writing. In barely 200 pages they sketch for us the remarkable revival that has taken place among the Otavalo Indians of the Andean highlands of Ecuador. In a region where the poverty of the Indian is

commonplace and where there is often talk about the "Indian problem" and the "hopeless Indian," the cultural and economic recovery of the Otavalos is unique.

The awakening of this people in the Otavalo Valley is as dramatic as it is simple. About thirty years ago a white landlord asked an Indian to weave him a piece of cloth. The Indian, who had never woven anything but his ponchos, made a perfect copy of a sample of English tweed. More orders came in, and they were shared by the whole group. Up to that time the Otavalos had eked out a bare subsistence from their small landholdings on the mountain slopes where they had been driven by the Spaniards who wanted the fertile valley land for themselves. In the short space of three decades, this group has changed so radically that Ecuadoreans and foreigners alike comment on their industrious, healthful appearance and their personal enterprise. Now Indian traders take their wares not only to many parts of Ecuador, but as far as Bogotá and Caracas. Other handicrafts, such as pottery-making, have also been revived. A

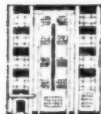


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certain amount of specialization has taken place among the villages in the Otavalo Valley, some weaving cloth for women's skirts, others for the traditional ponchos, still others for head covers and waist bands.

The new industry has created a desire on the part of the Otavalos to learn mathematics, reading, and writing, so no one can take advantage of them. For the first time parents see some reason for sending their children to school, and attendance is increasing so rapidly that it is taxing local facilities. In the process of adapting to this new force, however, the Indians have not lost their traditional outlook and values. For more than 700 years, they have been dominated by outsiders—first by the Inca rulers, then by the Spaniards, and finally by the whites and mestizos after Ecuador became independent. In spite of this subjugation, which at times amounted to economic and social enslavement, the Indian maintained his traditional values based on the land, the mountains, the water, and the sun.

Two-thirds of the volume is concerned with describing the valley, the Indian's agriculture, his work at home, and his community life, including vivid descriptions of marriage ceremonies, fiestas, and funerals. The final part describes "the awakening valley" and the new generation, and takes a look into the future.

The book's message is of more than regional importance. For Collier and Buitrón show how other Indian groups in Ecuador are beginning to follow the Otavalos' example. They are convinced that similar developments will be of singular importance in the destiny of all Latin American countries with a predominantly Indian population. Even more, they feel that the Indian group is the only really vital one, that it will absorb the white and mestizo groups which "look worn, discouraged, apathetic," and whose culture is deteriorating because of a "lack of contact with its Old World origins." The authors indicate that the future of these countries is intimately invol-

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ved with the ability of the Indians to raise their economic level, while maintaining their strong attachment to the land and their own spiritual values.

The importance of this book to all those interested in Indian rehabilitation in both North and South America is obvious. Here is impressive evidence of the possibility of bringing about a resurgence of the spiritual values and economic self-reliance which up to now have been lying dormant.

T. B. C.

THE SPANISH GARDENER. By A. J. Cronin. 263 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THIS is a decided change of pace for A. J. Cronin. Not for him this time the crowded stage, the ample cast, the heavily charged situations, the busy comings and goings and doings of the plot. Like a racer ridding his car of excess nickel-plating and geegaws the author has stripped his story down to the bare essentials in people and problems. Indeed, it could be argued that "The Spanish Gardener" is really an extended short story, built round the relationship of three characters.

What gives the story its unusual flavor is the kind of characters Dr. Cronin has chosen. First, anchoring the whole book, is Harrington Brande, American consul at a small Spanish Mediterranean port—a wooden titan of a man, puffed up by an overweening egotism that has cost him advancement and the alienation of his wife. Next, his 9-year-old son, Nicholas, uneasy, uncomprehending, upon whom his fa-

ther has lavished an unhealthy affection born of his own frustrations. And last, José, the handsome young gardener, lively, cheerful, good at games, who wins the boy's friendship by bringing the freshness of normality into the cloying atmosphere of his home.

With these three to work on, Dr. Cronin spins his simple tale. The possessive father engages in a contest with the gardener for the boy's affection. He has the power, but the gardener has the personality. With the aid of a couple of subsidiary figures, the novelist takes his story to a strong climax. After that, however, he coasts to a somewhat anticlimactic curtain.

The novel really boils down to a Spanish landscape with figures. There are times when the reader feels that the whole story is contrived and the people in it leaden. What can you make of a father who addresses his young son thus: "I do not deny that I have drawn from this dedicated sense a deep felicity—a gladness and refreshment which brought balm to my wounded soul"?

Yet the story has an inner momentum that stems from the author's narrative skill. And the Spanish gardener helps, too. José is a congenial creation, and a natural attraction for a boy deprived of all but his father's marmoreal love. And in José's end the novelist proves that he understands that perplexing thing, a Spaniard's honor.

So chalk up a successful if off-beat item for Dr. Cronin. The author has this reviewer's thanks for having (this once) turned his back on formula fiction. It must be tough to do that up in the rarefied bestseller stratosphere where Dr. Cronin normally operates.

J. R.

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TAXCO—THE ENCHANTED CITY. By Leslie C. de Figueroa. Illustrated with maps, photographs and drawings. 102 pp. Editorial Fischgrund. Mexico, D. F.

SUBTITLED as a handbook for tourists, this attractively presented pocket-size volume tells in word and picture the fascinating story of this widely celebrated town in the Guerrero mountains. The work of a long-time resident, it provides concise and relevant information as to how to get there, where to find suitable accommodations; it presents a brief historical outline of the place, indicates all the interesting sites—the outstanding buildings and art studios—, contains notes on the quaint local customs as well as comments by other writers.

Engagingly written, this handy little volume should greatly enhance the visitor's enjoyment of this veritable gem of Colonial Mexico.

H. S. P.

50 SPANISH POEMS. By Juan Ramon Jimenez. With English translations by J. B. Trend. 97 pp. Oxford: Dolphin Book Company. Distributed by La Prensa in New York.

BORN in 1881 and publisher for more than fifty years, Juan Ramon Jimenez is famous in Spanish literature. The present volume, given bilingually, is a selection of fifty poems from the whole of his work.

Jimenez was one of the early "modernists" of Spanish poetry, but modern mostly in form rather than in approach or content. His poetry suffers from the over-romanticism that characterized the Spanish poetry preceding it—too sweet and lush for the Anglo-Saxon. Jimenez has a pure and true lyric talent, yet his poems are "soft," lacking that inner and outer hardness which are the special attributes of modern poetry. His modernity, one might say, came to a stand-

Continued on page 49

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José Limon Returns to México

By John Martin

BY the middle of this month José Limón will leave New York for his second assignment in Mexico, this one a highly important one. Miguel Covarrubias, director of the Department of Dance of the National Institute of Fine Arts, which is an official department of the Mexican Government, has asked him to undertake the staging of one large new work with Mexican artists, and several smaller ones, for presentation at the Palacio de Bellas Artes the first two weeks in April. He will take along Lucas Hoving to assist him.

The heart of the project is an elaborate work, "The Four Suns," with music by Carlos Chavez and scenery and costumes by Mr. Covarrubias, which has been waiting for the right choreographer to come along. It is based on an Aztec legend, and will be staged with native dancers.

When Mr. Limón took his company to Mexico for the first time in the late summer, his success was extraordinary. No artistic event of recent years, it was reported in numerous Mexican publications, was of such tremendous importance there; news magazines gave their covers to pictures of him, the reviews and the controversies over some of his repertoire occupied columns of type, and he and his company were at once figures of national eminence.

The honors were topped, however, by an offer from the Government for him to take charge of a general rehabilitation of the dance in Mexico along modern lines, with an ample subsidy and on a basis of permanence. This in Mr. Limón's mind was not altogether practicable. For one thing, he felt that his career as an artist had been developed in the United States and must be allowed to continue here; and for another, his natural modesty made him unwilling to accept so responsible an assignment until he had demonstrated to the satisfaction of himself and the Mexican authorities that he could fulfill it. The result

was a compromise whereby he has consented to go back to Mexico for a period of months each year, and to carry on with his performances in the States with his own brilliant little company as heretofore.

This would seem to be a singularly happy solution all around. Certainly we in the States would be grieved to the possible point of making an international issue of it if what is unquestionably our most important modern dance company were taken away from us. The modern dance field here, weakened by the high costs of producing and the total lack of any tendency such as Mexico's toward subsidy, would be seriously undermined by the loss of Mr. Limón and the superb repertoire and company which have been developed with Doris Humphrey as artistic director.

Since we as a public and a nation would hold up our hands in horror at the idea of giving him—or any other artist or group of artists, for that matter—a subsidy to make a living and creating and performing possible, we can do no less than express our profound thanks to Mexico for taking some of this responsibility off our hands.

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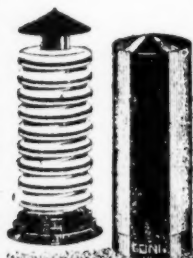
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The significant point here is that though Mr. Limon was born in Mexico, he was brought to this country in early childhood and has built his art here from the ground up. He has said that when he found himself in Mexico last summer he realized as never before how completely *norteamericano* he was, and this fact, indeed, constitutes a large part of his value to the Mexican dance project. To his racial heritages and sympathies he adds an advanced foreign training and perspective; he has, thus, one foot on either side of the border.

It is interesting to note along these lines that the two pieces in his repertoire on Mexican or Spanish themes provoked the widest controversy in Mexico. These were "La Malinche" and "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias." There were those who fought his interpretation of the former, which is based on a Mexican legend; and there were others who opposed the free treatment of the Garcia Lorea poem on which the latter was based. Both factions objected to Norman Lloyd's music for each of these works, for certainly it was not "Mexican" music, and made no pretense of being.

Objections and oppositions, however, ultimately made no difference, and at last the highly developed taste of the dissenters sensed that this very objectivity was what lifted the creations out of the class of merely native and traditional presentations and into the class of works of art with no national boundaries. Without just such objectivity Mr. Limon would be of no more value to the Mexican project than some perhaps comparably gifted choreographer already in the Mexican field.

It is an exciting venture, in spite of the chagrin we northamericans must necessarily feel that our own national institutions do not include a recognition of the arts to match that of our neighbor country to the south and most of the other literate countries of the world.

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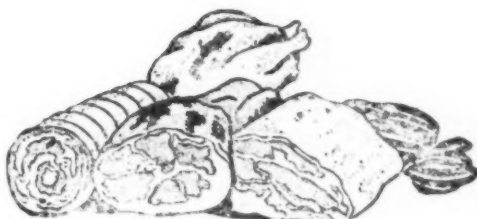
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Art and Personal Notes

THE Galeria Arte Moderno (Plaza Santos Degollado No. 164) presented in the course of the foregoing month its third yearly collective exhibit of paintings, prints, drawings and sculpture by a select though quite numerous group of local artists. In offering this highly interesting and varied exhibit the above gallery pursued the practical aim to extend to our art-buying public an opportunity to obtain works of high merit, quite suitable for holiday gifts, at prices especially reduced for this occasion. As in former years, the projection turned out to be an artistic as well as commercial success.

THREE gifted Mexican painters of quite distinct personalities—José Mendarózueta, Pablo Ramírez Oviedo and Angel Zamarripa—were represented in a joint exhibit of eight paintings each which was offered last month by the Galeria Romano (José María Marroquí No. 5). Mendarózueta, who has been devoting much of his time to the perfection of new techniques, presented various arresting examples of painting in a heavy impasto which verges on sculptured bas-relief. Ramírez Oviedo's work clearly indicates his special talent for monumental composition. His easel paintings, particularly that which depicts the interior of a mine, are, in fact, in their structure and theme mural decorations executed on a reduced scale. Angel Zamarripa is probably most effective in his etchings, though aside from a somewhat decorative slant his paintings stand out for their fine workmanship and pleasing colorfulness.

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AT the conclusion of this exhibit, the Romano Gallery presented a collection of recent works in oil, water color and gouache, by the gifted American painter Leon Koppelman who has been residing and working in Taxco over a period of years.

PAINTINGS in various mediums by José Chavez Morado comprised the distinguished and voluminous exhibition offered last month by the Salon de la Plástica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154).

EL Círculo de Bellas Artes (Avenida Juárez No. 58) wound up its year's activities with a quite interesting show of landscapes and still life by Guillermo Gómez Mayorga.

GALERIA Universitaria, which occupies the vestibule of the Biblioteca Nacional (Corner Uruguay and Isabel la Católica) is currently presenting a group of paintings by Carlos A. Merida, a young painter from Chiapas, who must not be confused with the eminent Guatemalan abstractionist Carlos Mérida.

A COLLECTION of paintings in oil by the Spanish artist Antonio Rodríguez Luna, may be seen this month at the Clardecor Gallery (Paseo de la Reforma No. 226).

A COMPREHENSIVE exposition of works by Federico Cantú was presented throughout the last month at the Galeria de Arte Mexicano (Calle de Milan No. 18).

WE reproduce the following item from the last issue of "Pictures on Exhibit:"

"Michael G. Gilbert recently returned from a painting trip to Mexico, and one can see, by comparing his Mexican paintings in the current show at Van Diemen-Lienfeld's with the subjects previously painted in France and America, the sudden acquisition of a much broader style in painting. The new style well becomes the stir and movement of Mexican market scenes and city vistas. The air of excitement is contagious."

THE excellent painting reproduced on the cover of this magazine is by Robert Bauer, an estimate of whose work with additional reproductions appears elsewhere in these pages.

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MEN'S WEAR

Patterns of an Old City . . .

Continued from page 20

ming, love-making, whatever it is people do in Acapulco, and they are not wasting thought on their chance encounter with a quite drab-looking American woman awkwardly dragging a crippled old person in tow.

Through the subdued hum of the motors she heard the slow and heavy breathing, the waketul snoring at her side, and she wondered if this journey aroused any kind of unusual thought in her mother's mind. Could it be possible that she was entirely unaffected by it—that nothing could ever break into her mental inertia, take her away from her day-to-day preoccupations with pain, with the problem of physical motion, with the routine of nominal effort, of food and sleep?

Quite unemotionally, purely in her mind, she became suffused with a sense which verged on hate, a cold objective hate for herself and for the old woman who inertly reclined at her side. She is a hulk of ailing unthinking flesh, she thought. Does it ever occur to her that she is a dead cargo, an exhausting burden, a load tied to her helpless daughter's neck, which has thwarted her existence, taken all savour and joy out of her life, reduced it to drudgery and thralldom, robbed it of all promise and hope? Has bodily suffering cast her into insensate senility, made her so obtuse, so blind, so stonily indifferent that she cannot perceive the tragic truth? How long must I bear this load? Will there ever be a riddance? And if it ever comes will there yet be time for me to make something of my existence, or will I by then be too entirely exhausted, too worn out by this futile struggle to know how to begin a life of my own?

* * *

Without the slightest shock she perceived that she actually wished for her mother to die—that she truly hoped it might happen now, perhaps on this plane, here in Mexico, in a hotel room, on the beach in Acapulco, on the train going back—that she would die and leave her free at last, release her of this onerous burden, give her a final chance to do something

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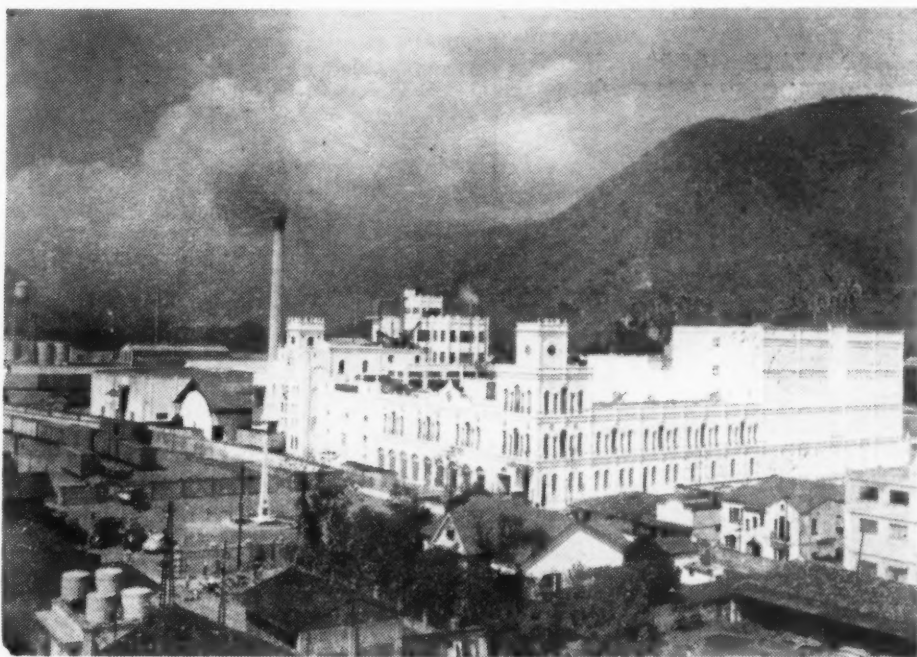
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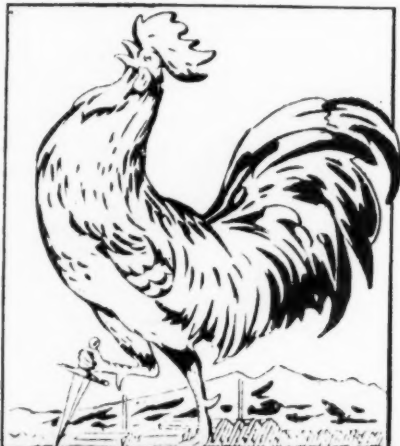


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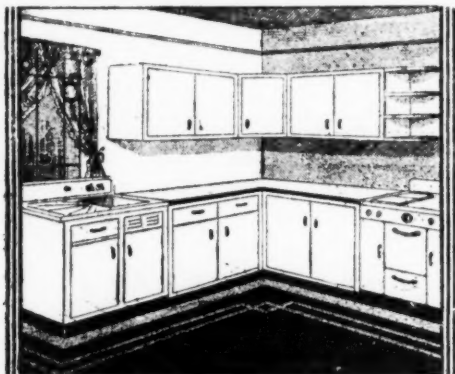
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for herself. She recalled how a year before, when her mother had been critically ill with pneumonia, she vaguely sensed the same wish, tearfully refusing to admit it to herself, desperately striving to keep her alive, through weeks of anguished days and sleepless nights struggling to save her at all costs, chasing madly from their flat to her job, to the hospital and back, borrowing money for doctors, nurses and medicines, as if thereby atoning for her wicked wish. But now she had no doubt that the wish was real.

She had come to the edge of the world, and if there was a way of turning back, of rediscovering the world from which she was in flight, she would have to do it alone. It seemed weird to her now how she had been able through all these bitter years to acquiesce to her lot, how it never occurred to her to seek a riddance. That time, a year ago, she came closer to it than she had suspected—an overlooked injection, an overdose of something, would have done it. But she was lost in her single purpose; she was too blind to see how near she came to possible liberation, how little it would take, had she the will, to free her.

And again the question arose in her mind—if she could gain freedom now, would she still know how to enjoy it? Would she be able to find her way from this edge of the world, find her way back to a place where she could begin anew? Could she find this new beginning in Chicago? Could she go back to where she left off twelve, fifteen years before, to the golden days at the Art Institute, when the roseate dreams of her future trailed the visions of Georgia O'Keefe and Marie Laurencin, and when life had yet a luminous purpose and promise? With this load off her shoulders, free of the imperative need to earn money, to obtain the means of supporting this load, she could probably give up her job—the routine of simulating inspiration whereby to evolve masterpieces for daily advertising of a department store—and to plunge into the great adventure of creative art. She would get out of the rut and venture into the open and probably yet be able to make some sort of place for herself. If she were footloose now... Mexico... Acapulco... If she were alone, unnumbered... She recalled her former classmate at the Institute, Ruth Gannon, who joined the WACS in the war and married a Frenchman. She still remembered her with an occasional postcard; had two children and seemed to be happy living in Paris. A Frenchman, a Mexican... Maybe a girl can yet find somewhere a place for herself.

I am on the brink of middle age, she thought, and now for the first time in my life I seem to be involved in the immediate present. For the first time



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I see clearly that I have been living without scope, existing in a vacuum, and that unless I get out while there is yet time I am sunk... I have not pursued the rational purpose to achieve a satisfactory life for myself but have exhausted all my wits and strength in the sole aim to perpetuate death. I have been bound to a deadly burden, ridden by it as if by some monstrous parasite that adheres to one's flesh and saps one of the very substance of existence.

I have slaved a whole year counting my pennies, saving up money to take her away from another cold winter in Chicago. This has been my only purpose through the entire year. And now we are here. I have lugged her with me all these many miles to find a place in the sun. But I understand it now. I can sense the underlying urge, the hidden thought which has guided my ostensible aim. I knew beneath my conscious thoughts that my veritable purpose has been to take her some place where through some chance occurrence I might leave her, lose her by the roadside—amputate myself from this deadly burden, and return alone. This—I see it clearly now—has been by occult purpose for years, though I have never before had the courage to admit it...

She opened her eyes and cast a sidewise glance at the inert, obese figure of the old woman who sat at her side, at the large and flabby comatose face, and closing her eyes again sensed no trace of commiseration, no twinge of remorse. It was the same as if she were contemplating an utter stranger. If, she thought, in some miraculous way, she would no longer be there when I opened my eyes... If by some incredible accident the floor-space beneath her seat became detached and she dropped into space, now while she is drowsing, while she is completely unaware of anything, not even of my homicidal thoughts, and she plunged downward like an unwieldy bundle, hurling toward these mountains, swiftly diminishing into a tiny speck, vanishing there, becoming obliterated, converted into nothingness, suddenly ceasing to be... If such thing could happen now... And as this image graphically passed through her mind, as she envisioned the tiny speck vanishing in space, she opened her eyes to take a new look at the scene below, and suddenly beheld a rim of dazzling cobalt beyond the final range of rounded summits and the cerulean crescent of the cliff-bound bay, and with the force of a blow she sensed an intense thrill running through her body, a convulsive shudder as if she had emerged from a dreadful nightmare. Startled, wideeyed, she looked around her.

"Mother," she said gently touching the old woman's shoulder. "Look. We have arrived. Isn't it beautiful! How do you feel, dear? Look—Acapulco! It's wonderful, isn't it? Oh, I hope you'll feel much better now."

"Yes," the old woman said rubbing her eyes with her lumpy hand. "Yes. We have arrived."



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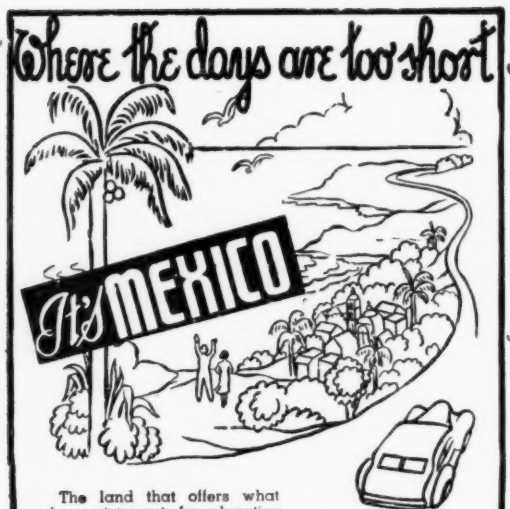
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Un Poco de . . .

Continued from page 31

submission to the Czars. But the yoke became unbearable. In 1771, in a single day, the nation of some 300,000 men, women and children moved out—so secretly that the Russian authorities knew nothing of their plan until the Kalmucks were well on their way back to their old home, then in the Chinese Empire. The Kalmuck host was assailed every foot on the way by their enemies, the Bashkirs and the Kirghiz. They were slaughtered by the thousands; other thousands died of starvation and thirst. Scarcely a third of the nation reached the protection of the Chinese, who were now ready to welcome them back. Some Kalmucks who were settled west of the Volga did not take part in this tragic exodus and these were the ancestors of the Kalmucks who have now been scattered to the four winds by the present rulers of Russia.

The Kalmucks—Buddhists of the Tibetan school and nomads for ages—could not see the beauties of the dictatorship of the proletariat. They made the mistake of aiding the German invaders in the last war; so they had to be "liquidated." They will leave scarcely a trace in Russian history. But the Mongols have left their mark there. That was the mission of Batu, son of Juji, son of Genghis Khan, "Lord of the World," who crossed the Volga in A. D. 1238 and set up the Golden Horde at Saray on the Volga. The Mongol khans ruled the Russian princes as Kings for two hundred years. Lessons in ruthless autoocracy were learned by the princes of Muscovy who later set themselves up as Czars. As heirs of the khans, the "White Czars" (so-called because the Mongols designated the points of the compass by colors) turned naturally to the east and found an open road to the Pacific. The Russians and the Chinese divided between them the empire of Genghis Khan, and they hold it still.

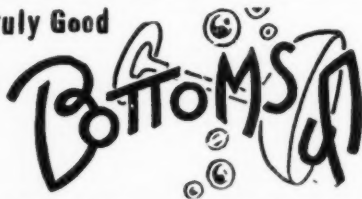


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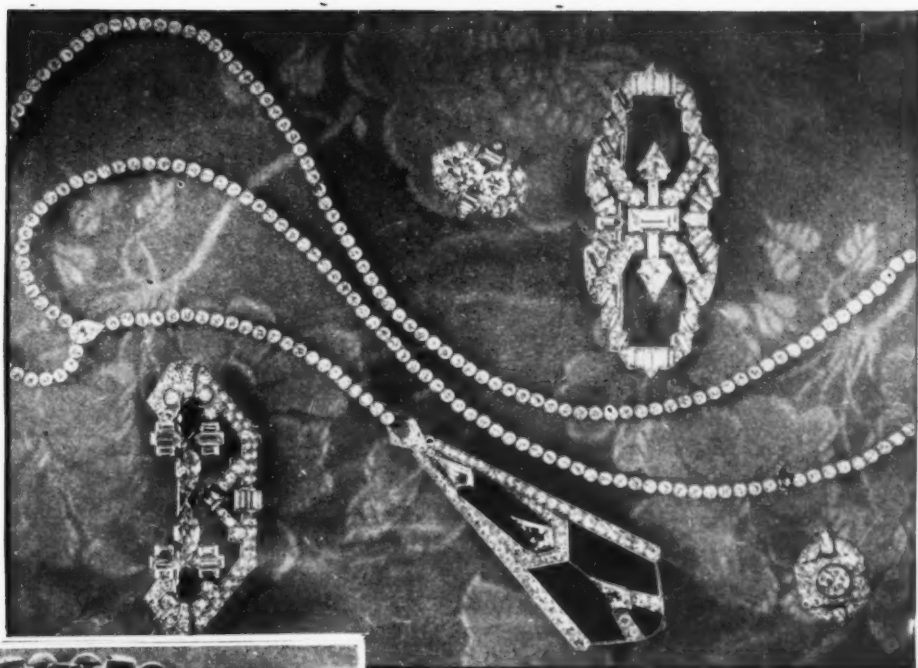


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Literary Appraisals . . .

Continued from page 36

still soon after 1900; read today, his work seems dated in severe contrast with truly modern Hispanic or Latin-American poetry.

Since he has intensity, it is the more regrettable that this is poetry of short radius—its residual effect suggests a deficiency of internal power, for it is animated by emotion only and not by vision. Reading this collection, one misses the impression of massive strength that should result from the span of the work presented.

Moonlight in Guadalajara . . .

Continued from page 10

to blossom forth brilliantly and was especially filled with mystic meanings at night. One was constantly reminded of the "palmy days" of Mexico, suspended like a lovely mirage over all that was old and all that was new, mellowing the shiny and vulgar modernities and taking away all the meannesses of calamity and misfortune that had befallen them. It made one ponder on the vicissitudes of perpetual change and gave one a feeling that nothing was real.

Yankee Culture Seeps in . . .

Continued from page 26

has been built up for that country's novels, short stories, and plays, thanks to the intensified study of English and to the high-quality translations into Spanish of the best of that literature by the publishing houses of Buenos Aires, and on a smaller scale, of Mexico.

So it is that the Latin Americans, consciously or not, are gradually turning to the U.S. way of life.

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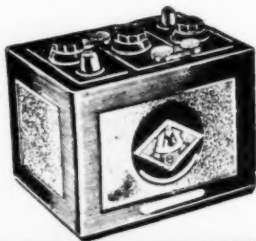
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A New Nayarit . . .

Continued from page 24

town, occasionally hauled the La Trozada ball team to other villages for Sunday games. Sometimes, we would get a more serious call: to provide ambulance service to Santiago. Often we were asked to photograph corpses of dead babies so their families would have something to remember them by. When the villagers learned that we had a well-stocked medicine chest, they flocked to us with cuts, headaches, and stomach troubles. To help defeat the chronic dysentery so prevalent in the region, we tried to interest people in boiling the well water before drinking it. Our preachings only provoked amazement. Most people, it turned out, would not drink well water, boiled or not, because they disliked its taste. Instead, they bought water from a vending wagon, which obtained its supply from the Santiago River, into which the city of Santiago, a few miles upstream, dumped its sewage.

The matter of health was important to all of us. Several of the volunteers were laid up by illnesses contracted because we were unaccustomed to the food, and one boy had jaundice. The girls escaped from the other chief health hazard menacing everyone in the valley—malaria—but two of the men had severe sieges.

Many people have asked me about our relations with the Catholic Church. There was a church in La Trozada, but no regular parish priest. Mass was usually said by a young priest from Tepic, the state capital. From the beginning he was our friend and mentor and often a guest at our house. In a group representing every shade of religious faith and opinion, we never heard a word of prejudice or intolerance.

During those first six months, the project piled up many concrete accomplishments. For example, it transformed Amapa, another communal village near Santiago, from a jumble of disorder into a model town. Each house now has its own neatly fenced yard; straight streets replace the former crooked paths, and a new park has been added. All this involved moving over a hundred houses, mostly of the palm-log variety. Under the direction of the project staff, the people of Amapa and the norteamericanos willingly supplied the labor. It was hard work, but we were all pleased by the result, and 90 per cent of the householders gained land through the move. Amapa now has co-ops for marketing produce, for breeding and

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vaccinating pigs. It also boasts a new credit union, and an organization to care for the sick and aged. Amapa has learned the lesson of community cooperation.

But I think the volunteers learned more than anyone else. Besides finding out how to build furniture, speak Spanish, and take care of the sick, we learned that Mexican villagers are an honest, lovable, and industrious people. We learned that hot water is not a criterion of civilization. We learned the tragedy of death in a land where death is too common. And we learned that you can be very rich with few material advantages.

Immobilized . . .

Continued from page 22

I did not fall asleep. I lay tense, awaiting the next temblor, and planned my escape. I would drag along a blanket, crawl to the stretcher ramp at the rear of the wing, wrap myself in the blanket and, rolling down it, crawl into the open space near the big tree in the center of the quadrangle. Following temblors were light.

It was not necessary to read the morning paper describing the seven-degree intensity of the earthquake. (The one which destroyed San Francisco was a mere four-degree weakling.) I knew it was a quake of no mean vibration, for I had lived through it.

Volcanoes became active. Newspapers reported Popocatepetl smoking. Residents fled the volcanic area in El Salvador when dense columns of smoke began shooting from the crater of San Miguel Mountain. Rock Oven Mountain in Southern Mexico began emitting smoke and hot rock. Then followed the report of a new baby volcano near Uruapan in the state of Michoacán.

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kilometers from Mexico City. In the new volcano, newsmen had a real continued story, for it grew by leaps and spurts.

The very thought of Popocatepetl pouring out smoke sent icy shivers along my spine. Suppose this had happened when we were asleep in the crater! Think of scrambling up that rope ladder with volcano fires licking your pants!

Any young thing can get attention. The rip-snortin' baby volcano soon stole the show in the news world. Papers began to write of it as Paracutin, and to print photographs of it. The wonder of it caught the imagination. People began to talk of going to see it. A returning cameraman gave me a detailed description of his cross-country struggle to get to it, and the marvelous sight he saw.

"¡Qué lástima!" "What a pity!" Here was a baby volcano, a new world wonder, not 325 miles distant. And here I was immobilized by six wretched fractures. I wept in rage.

"You will be able to walk perfectly well again... but in the future," Doctor Chavez comforted me.

I attempted to speed recovery. I lay each day in the midday February sun until I was as brown as four Hawaiians.

"You look more like a winter tourist fresh from Florida than a patient," Mrs. Stafford remarked.

"This is a Mexican sun. You can't stay in it!" my nurse threatened. Yet I sunbathed for hours each day.

My new concern was that Paracutin Volcano would die before I saw it. It did not. Later, how I wished it had! The immediate present is all we have in life and one day I will learn to be content with it.

I discovered Mexico's wealth of hot spas, quite by accident. One day when Mrs. John Kellogg, who formerly made her home in the Orient, came to take me for a drive, I expressed a longing for a good hot mineral bath, such as I loved on the Island of Hokkaido. She suggested El Peñon. We went. El Peñon is a hot spa at the foot of quiescent El Peñon Volcano, which experts believe will at some future date become active again. Medicinal and thermal baths are as old as the history of Mexico. The Aztecs used and understood the virtues of the curative waters of El Peñon, which they termed "divine." The early Conquistadors, though not much given to bathing themselves, talked about it. They spoke of the baños of the "piedra alumbre," alum, on an island in the salty lake of Texcoco; these cured many illnesses. The lake has since been drained and a modern airport occupies a large area adjacent to the baños.

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El Peñon is popular. The wonder is that some one has not erected a first-class hotel and modernized the baths. Similar to Vichy, the water continues to bubble from the earth at a temperature hot enough to peel the skin off. Madame de la Barea, writing about it a hundred years ago, related how her party braved highwaymen and rode out on horses to El Peñon. In contrast to the "thousand person tub" in Japan, the baths at El Peñon were individual, sunken and tiled, with two or three to a room. Pain from fractures miraculously vanished, stiffened joints became flexible. It was a bit of heaven. I knew then that when I left the hospital I wanted to recuperate at a spa.

One day Otis McAllister, honorary President of the Explorers Club, came to the hospital and presented me with a signed and sealed diploma certifying that I had climbed to the summit of Popocatepetl Volcano. But I prized even more the Diploma de Honor which the Club later sent me for having descended into and slept at the bottom of the crater of Popocatepetl Volcano. Many Mexicans doubted the latter feat, declaring it was impossible.

Hot curative mineral springs bubble up impartially in almost every section of volcanic Mexico. I studied Doctor Petters's little pamphlet listing seventy-seven baños in eighteen States. I chose Ixtapan de la Sal, reputed to have "the best waters in the Americas." It was the most difficult of access, but it was fairly simple to lie abed in the hospital and decide to go there.

Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras . . .

Continued from page 19

was tried and taken for granted in New Spain. For many years, material wealth had made possible riches in architecture and in the luxurious adornment of buildings, even in the provinces, and continued to do so, a condition quite unlike that which obtained in the rather starved monumental architecture of the eastern seaboard of the United States.

Tresguerras kept in close touch with what was going on in Europe, by means of engravings and plans, of which he had developed an extensive library; but more important were, first, his training in the crafts such as wood carving, which gave him a knowledge of requirements, a sense of scale, and a feeling for materials, such as study of engravings and plans

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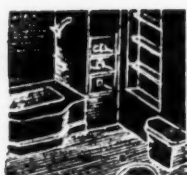


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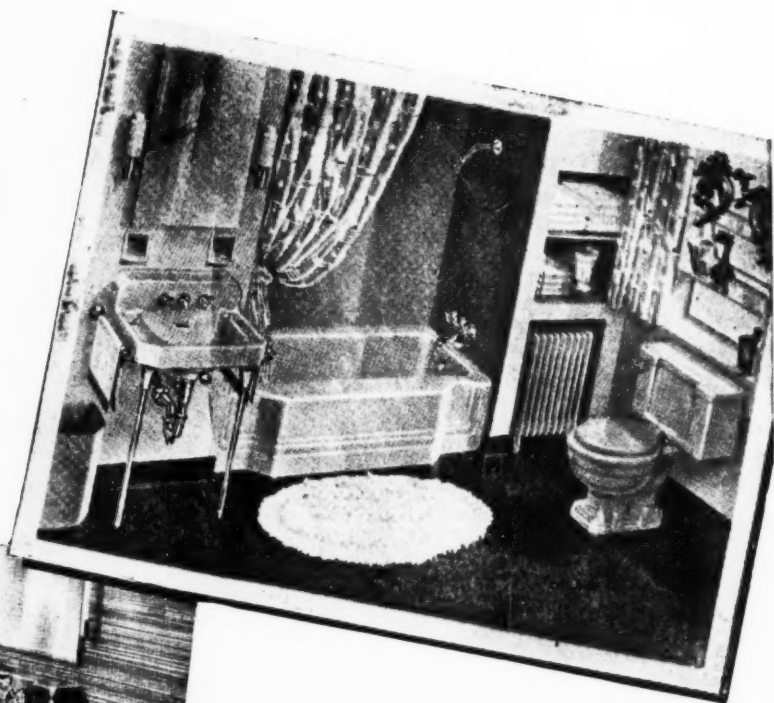
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cannot give, a training which made him better equipped than any other man of his time; and second, and even more important, an instinctive sense of proportion and harmony, worth much more than Vignola's exacting and perfunctory units, which Tresguerras ignored. He caught the Greek spirit; Vignola had caught, and passed on, just the letter.

The early work of Tresguerras was inclined to be stumbling, an over-zealous attempt to be original, perhaps out of scorn for those contemporaries whom he derided so; but even it shows the earmarks of a powerful sense of design.

There is hardly a city in that rich section of Mexico that cannot boast of something from the fertile mind and versatile hand of Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras. But it was at Querétaro that he got his start.

Near the south edge of Querétaro, just a little beyond the curious double church of Santo Domingo, already described, and in a rather tawdry neighborhood of unkempt streets, is the quaint Church of Santa Rosa de Viterbo, the reconstruction of which gave Tresguerras his first great opportunity.

Much of it, as it appears today, is his work, as it was placed in his hands for radical reconstruction. The tower and the dome are his; and of curious interest are the extraordinarily eccentric flying buttresses built to help support the dome—a unique and not altogether successful attempt at a Baroque solution of such a problem. The little dome on top of the tower has a bulbous oriental character, a feature which the artist never entirely gave up, even in his later work. The main dome is good. With its rusticated engaged columns, it shows an early appreciation of sound proportion and graceful strength. The exterior shows, perhaps above all else, the early versatility of a budding genius, still young in his art, and feeling his way with a curious blending of a variety of forms and a certain crudeness of expression, but nevertheless with considerable artistic ability.

On the interior, the architect laid aside his experiments with a combination of the Baroque and the Oriental and surrendered himself completely to an interpretation of the Churrigueresque. With it he

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achieved a triumph. It was, thus, as an interior decorator that he first shone. His experience with wood carving combined with his studies of painting had proved of great value. Gilded wood carving almost completely covers the walls of the aisleless nave; it is florid in the extreme, yet handled with a richness that is not at all ostentatious or vulgar. Even the deep reveals of the windows are so completely filled with the rich ornament that the illusion is carried out of masses of solid gold. But finest of all is the choir-screen, delicately and richly worked in wrought iron. An intricate pattern of gilded metal radiates about the image of the Virgin, completely filling the upper part of the arch.

In the sacristy the artist had a chance to use his imagination to the fullest degree, not only in the general decorative scheme but also in the large mural occupying the principal end of the room. The wood-carved furnishings of the large vaulted room are carried out with a luxuriousness that is notable, even for Querétaro; but the chief attraction is the great mural, one of the most important of the artist's commissions. Tresguerras must have developed considerably his talent in painting, for, while his earliest works, to be found in Mexico City, are of no great merit, this large allegorical subject is handled with a skill that would do credit to Murillo, who apparently had inspired Tresguerras as well as his master Cabrera. It is one of the finest examples of the great Spanish School in Mexico. The subject shows nuns and their pupils at work in the garden, with lambs receiving white roses from the Virgin and bearing them to the feet of the crucified Saviour to be turned red by the blood from His wounds. Tresguerras received

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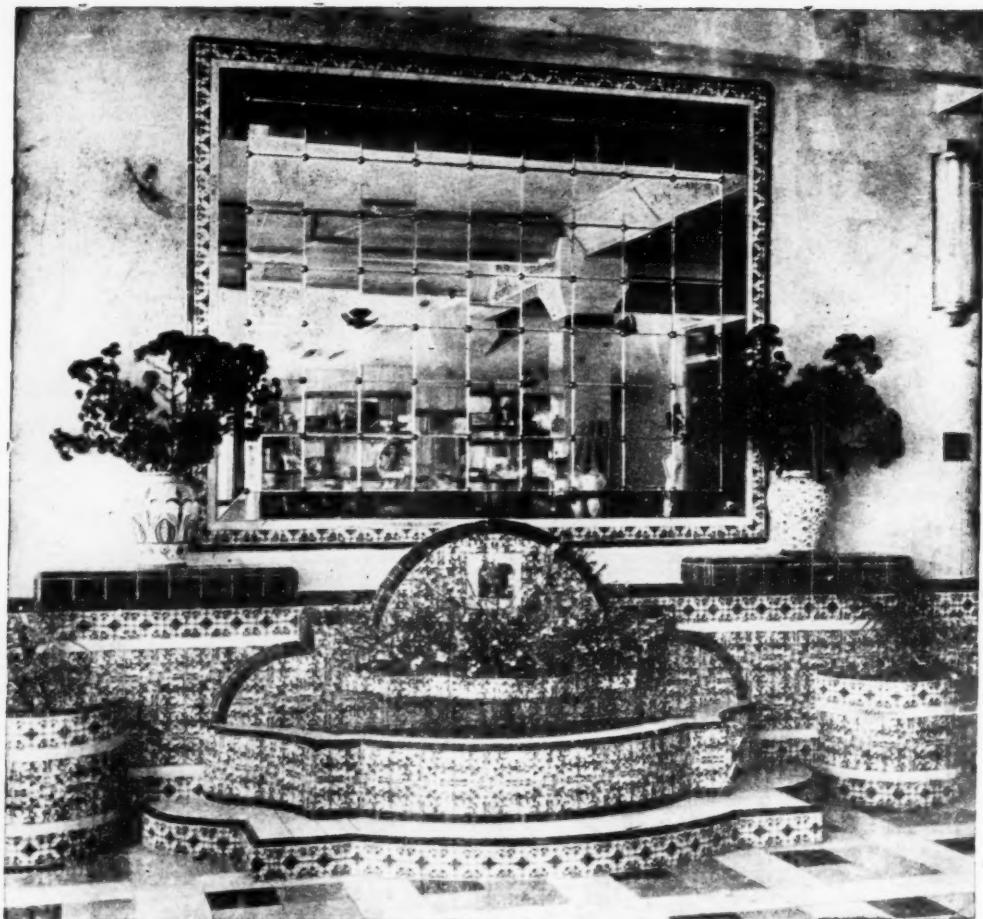
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15,000 pesos for this work, his largest single commission in painting. Seated in front of the picture are life-size polychrome figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles. These are probably not by Tresguerras, but, fitting in well with the general scheme, may have been done in accordance with sketches by him.

Some fifty years ago, an American architect, visiting Querétaro with a companion from New York, heard talk of tearing down that church to make room for an enlargement of the adjacent hospital. Getting in touch with the governor of the state, the two Americans expressed their concern and even indignation over such a proposal. The governor promised to do his best. Some time after the Americans left, a rumor got about that the New Yorker, who was said to be extremely wealthy, wanted to take down the church, piece by piece, and rebuild it in his own city. The indignation which this rumor kindled in the breasts of the citizens of Querétaro has hardly died down yet. Santa Rosa de Viterbo was saved!

Tresguerras also was called upon to do the reconstruction of the Church of Santa Clara, which at one time was part of one of the largest conventual groups in Mexico, sheltering as many as 8,000 nuns. It stands in the center of the city, not far to the west of the Jardín Zenca. The work of Tresguerras there was not as extensive as at Santa Rosa, his part on the exterior probably being confined to the dome and the tower, both of which are adorned with glazed tiles, in patterns of blue, yellow, and white. The small barrel-vaulted interior, which he did over completely, is richly decorated and is in an exceptionally fine state of preservation. Its spirit is an elaborated Baroque rather than Churrigueresque, heavily carved woodwork filling the interior. The pulpit, especially, is a fine example of gilded and colored carving; and the church is as rich in its wood-carved polychrome sculpture, containing masterpieces of both Perusquia and Arce, the two most famous of the trio Marianos of Querétaro. As in the Church of Santa Rosa, the interior of Santa Clara contains much beautiful wrought-iron work.

Though he started in Querétaro, it is in Celaya where Tresguerras was born and where he is buried, in a little chapel designed by himself, that his greatest monument stands.

At one side of the main plaza in Celaya is the Church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen, generally and

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justly considered Tresguerras's masterpiece. The present structure, built to replace an older church which had been destroyed by fire, was begun in 1803 and completed in 1807.

The church caused considerable controversy at the time it was built. The proportions used by the very best classicists had been ignored, and that was heresy. It was an insult to Vignola. Tresguerras felt that site and surrounding buildings had something to do with proportions and possible variations of them, and worked accordingly (which is what the Greeks did, only Vignola did not know that, neither did the very best classicists). It was not long, however, before its beauty came to be recognized; and Tresguerras was given the credit that he truly deserved.

The church is a large structure, with a nave 220 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 69 feet high. In spite of its size, its effect is one of exceeding grace and simplicity, and, above all else it imparts a rare sense of unity, the work throughout having all been designed by the master. Not only was the construction carried out with his personal and constant supervision, as he himself boasts, but all the figure-sculpture, all the retablos, and the mural paintings were the work of his own hand—all showing the attention of a master whose heart and soul were in his work. Tresguerras had ceased experimenting with a variety of styles and had achieved a harmonious whole which makes the church a masterpiece.

The main portal shows a rare ability in handling Classic forms without making them academically stiff; and the tower which rises above it is carried out with well-studied details. The small dome which caps the tower has the bulbous form that Tresguerras liked so well, but is treated with delicate grace.

But it is the main dome that is his crowning achievement. There are literally thousands of domes in Mexico, the land of domes, but this is the queen of them all. A comparison of its stately grace with the lines of other domes places it in a class by itself. It does not build up one part on another; it simply soars to the cross on top. It does not appear to be constructed one piece of stone and one piece of tile on another; it is as if moulded with the skillful fingers of a craftsman of exquisite jewelry. There are subtle differences in the curves of domes—the number of possible curves is infinite—and Tresguerras, in the curve of the dome of El Carmen, achieved one of the most beautiful in the world. It is, without question, a masterpiece. It is because of that dome, more than anything else he did, that Tresguerras is spoken of as the Michelangelo of Mexico.



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But the work of Tresguerras in Celaya was not confined to the Church of Our Lady of Carmen. He designed the great bridge across the Rio Laja there, a number of monuments in the city, the tower of the Church of San Agustin, and for the parochial Church of San Francisco he designed a chapel and various altars and did a number of mural paintings. He is not, however, to be blamed for the facade and dome of that church. The large church, with its group of adjacent chapels, dates from 1715, but the facade and the dome are of comparatively recent date, the latter being a sorry attempt to imitate the work of Tresguerras at El Carmen. Losing out entirely in proportions, shape, and color, it has all the appearance of the narrow end of an unusually long Easter egg.

Tresguerras was the last of the great architects of the viceregal period. A patriot himself, he lived to see his people liberated from Spain, an event which made him almost mad with joy.

It is said that during his declining years he used to go into the country of an afternoon, and sit under a tree and play his flute. He would sit there communing with nature until the shepherds came by, driving their flocks homeward. Then, and not until then, when the tiles of the dome of El Carmen reflected the rays of the setting sun, would he, too, wander homeward. I can think of no better way for an architect to spend his declining years, than to sit under a tree and enjoy the reflection of the work he has accomplished—without interference by depressions or wars, or even boards of trustees—work in which he can take such pride as Tresguerras did, and had a just right to do. That would indeed be supreme satisfaction.

One day (it was the second of August in 1833, to be exact, when he had reached the ripe age of eighty-

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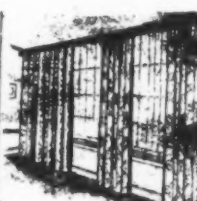
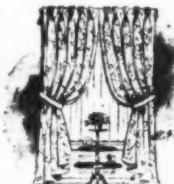
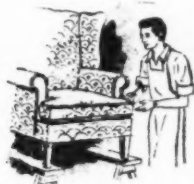
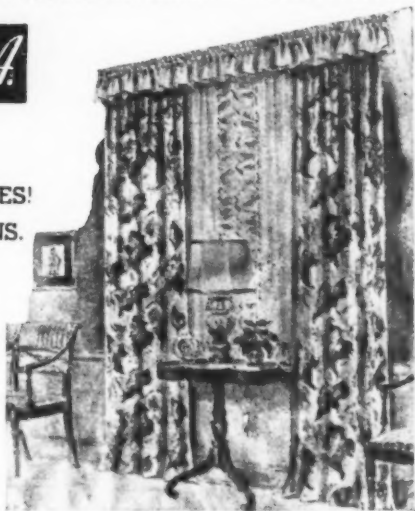
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eight years, and when an epidemic of cholera was sweeping the city) Tresguerras, feeling that he had not long to live, and having put his affairs in order, went, in great haste, to his Father Confessor.

A friend whom he met on the street asked him where he was going in such a hurry.

"A good question," answered Tresguerras, very calmly. "Death is pursuing us poor mortals with tremendous fury, and as for me, only a few hours of existence in this world are left."

His friend tried to assure him that he had nothing to worry about, that he was really very robust, hale, and hearty, and asked where he got such an idea.

"My friend," interrupted the great architect, "I have not much time left for a chat with you. Adios!" and he hurried on.

The next day he was dead.

The Treasure of Cocos Island . . .

Continued from page 16

made ours, for we came to the conclusion that whoever drew it had never been to Cocos at all.

Even an authentic treasure chart would be of little value except to the man who drew it. It would be intended to refresh his memory, which is not the same thing as disclosing a secret to some uninitiated treasure seeker. None of the charts state definitely that either Chatham or Wafer Bay is the actual location of the supposed hoard. If we were doing any digging, our choice would be Ginger's Bay. To hunt for it there would require a crew of fifty men and a couple of steam shovels. Radio locators are of little use on Cocos because of the extreme humidity, black sand strata, and the saturated soil. The physical characteristics of the island are also constantly changing because of the frequent landslides and the fast-growing vegetation. The treasure seekers themselves haven't helped matters any on the northern side of Cocos. The southern side has largely escaped their attention, but they have blasted and dug in Chatham and Wafer bays until the landmarks have become unrecognizable, if the older descriptions are to be believed.

The month we were devoting to the treasure was about half over when we came upon our most promising find. While scouting along a sedimentary cliff on the south side of a canyon, we saw a large slab of rock set into its face. It looked like a sealed doorway, half buried by the deposits which had swept down from the cliff above. We cleared away the tangled growth, and discovered in the centre of the



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doorway a round hole about an inch in diameter. This corresponded to all the accounts of a treasure cache in a cave, except that in some of the stories the hole was supposed to be square.

This is the account given by Admiral Palliser, who heard the story from an old Newfoundland fisherman named Fitzgerald, who in turn heard the story from Keating. Keating's authority was Captain Thompson himself. Thompson told him to go up the bed of a "stream flowing inland" (this would be at high tide). Here he was to measure seventy paces west by south. Then, against the skynne, he would see a gap in the hills. From any other point the gap is invisible. The directions from this point were to turn north and walk to a stream where he would see a rock with a smooth face rising sheer like a cliff. At the height of a man's shoulder from the ground there was a hole big enough in which to insert your thumb. By thrusting an iron bar into the cavity the door would swing outward—behind it lay the treasure! This is the cave which Bogue and Keating are supposed to have rediscovered.

The cave—this is Keating's story—was fifteen by twelve feet, and contained bars of gold bearing the stamp of Peru; also a quantity of coins, sacks of silver, and a solid gold statue of the Madonna. Needless to say, we were elated by this find, and planned to return the next day armed with our home-made pick and shovel. For once we were almost sold on 'cocos' treasure. But the following morning I was awakened before daylight by an intense pain on the right side of my abdomen. I lay in bed until dawn, when Ginger awakened. By that time there was no doubt as to the nature of my ailment—appendicitis. The possibilities of this affliction staggered us. But what to do?

At noon my temperature was 101, and my heart action had noticeably increased. Part of this I attributed to my mental condition, for the nearest aid was three hundred and fifty miles away, and if... well, we would have a job on our hands. Neither of us talked about it. Talking only made the situation seem worse—and it was bad enough.

I took two boards, salvaged from the wreckage of the huts, placed them together, and painted a large sign in white letters, "Help. Wafer Bay." I was too sick to make the trip, but Ginger hiked up the tortuous trail to Chatham Bay, where she nailed the sign to a palm tree. There was just a bare chance that some boat putting in for water might see it in time.

After she had gone, I began making a set of operating instruments. I broke two razor blades in half, lengthwise, and fastened them to wooden handleless, then fashioned flesh clamps out of fishhooks. There



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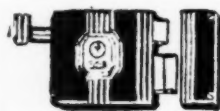
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was no use acquainting Ginger with my plans as yet, because I wasn't sure that the instruments would work.

That night, when the pain became so intense that sleep was out of the question, I crawled round the floor on my hands and knees, and gained some relief. Our only medicines were iodine, quinine, and permanganate of potash. There was no benefit to be derived from any one of them.

Things were pretty bad the second day. Ginger made a bowl of atole, the thin rice gruel that the Indians swear by, and I drank a little of it. Then I told her that I was going to take a walk along the beach; the exercise might help. She wanted to go along, but I dissuaded her. There was something I wanted to find out, and I wanted to be alone. Taking my gun, I left the house.

Within sight of the hut, I walked slowly down towards the lower end of the beach, then I cut back to one of our hunting trails. The small pigs went unmolested this time. A big pig was needed. An old sow came along, and I shot her. Ginger would hear the gun, but I could always say that I had missed the target. The operation was successful with one exception—I couldn't find the pig's appendix. The instruments only required a few slight changes, however, to be quite efficient.

When I laboured into the hut, empty-handed, Ginger looked at me questioningly, but I said nothing.

That night we faced the grim situation. The poison was permeating my system, and the appendix might burst at any time. I showed Ginger the instruments that I made, and we put them on to boil in a solution of permanganate. Ginger gave me three of her largest needles which I heated in the fire before flattening them out and grinding them to a sharp cutting edge. One was bent into a half arc, another into a half circle, the third I left straight. We made thread out of the tender palm fibres, which was the only thing that we could think of that would dissolve like catgut. We might have used catgut or the intestines of pigs, but we were afraid of infection, due to the minute spores of mould that found their way into all animal matter almost immediately. We worked until late that night making preparations for the next day's operation. We had decided the sooner the better. Every hour's delay increased the danger of a rupture.

Our work finished, we sat down to talk it over. Ginger had had her appendix out some time previously, and from her scar we had an approximate idea of where to look. I began making sketches to illustrate



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how she was to go about the business, but every time I mentioned the word "operation" her face turned dead white. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands. "I can't... I can't do it."

"Well," I said, "we've either got to do this... or you're going to play grave-digger, so take your choice. Of course you can do it." But game as she was, she couldn't steel herself to the task. She could do it she said, if it were possible to give me a local anaesthetic; even if we had enough aspirin to dull the pain. I thought of making some palm wine; but if I stupefied myself with liquor and something went wrong, I couldn't help her.

Finally we concluded that I should begin the operation. When I reached the point where I needed help, she wanted to assist me. We made every preparation we could think of. We cut ropes for lashing my legs down, and fastened a handle to her tiny mirror so that she could hold it in a position for me to work by.

Neither of us slept that night. The leaden-footed hours passed while we lay there wide-eyed and unwilling to talk, trying to suppress our fears. All ordinary channels of escape seemed closed. When tomorrow came would we have the courage to act?

In the morning Ginger got up white and shaken. I suppose I was in the same state. We couldn't eat—and we didn't try. This was August 20, 1935. We grimly went about the task of laying out the paraphernalia. Ginger made swabs and sponges out of bandage gauze. We mixed a solution of potassium permanganate, and threaded the needles. We were ready. All we needed now was nerve enough to tackle the job. The operation was to be performed at noon when the light was best. It was now about eleven-thirty.

Ginger stepped outside the hut to compose herself. Then I heard her scream. I hobbled to the door and looked out. She was running towards the beach, wildly flinging her arms about. Suddenly she turned round and ran back towards the canoe shed, tore the canvas covering from the cockpit, and again headed for the beach, frenziedly waving the canvas. Out to sea I could discern the dim outlines of a small ship through the haze. I grabbed some burning sticks out of the stove and made my way to the beach, where I built a smoky fire. But the boat sailed on by and soon disappeared from sight.

We returned to the hut, discouraged and shaken. To see a boat and then have it fail to see our signals was worse than having no hope of help.

I lay down, and Ginger knelt beside me. "Do you think we dare wait another day?" she questioned.

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It was possible, I said, but pointed out that each day's delay increased the inflammation. "Please, let's wait until tomorrow," she pleaded. I agreed.

Twenty-four hours more of uncertainty to live through! We were both drugged and weary from fatigue and the prolonged nervous tension. One o'clock came and went. Outside there was a thin drizzle of rain, and the wind sobbed and sighed in the palms. After an infinity I looked at my watch. Two o'clock. Ginger sat silent, her face bowed in her hands.

I must have fallen asleep, for when I first heard the sound I thought that it was part of a dream.

At three o'clock the bay echoed and re-echoed with the blast of a ship's whistle. We looked out to see a large tuna boat steaming round Morgan Point, plunging into Wafer Bay at full speed. Before she even dropped her hook, a small boat was overside and speeding shoreward.

The grimy crew of the tuna clipper raced up the beach towards the hut. Their pockets were stuffed with soap and towels. While fishing in the vicinity, they had decided to put into Chatham Bay and take a fresh-water bath, and going ashore they had seen our sign asking for help...

Forty-five minutes later all of our equipment was loaded on the clipper; Ginger, Coco and I were aboard, and I was packed in ice. We were steaming full speed ahead towards Puntarenas.

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